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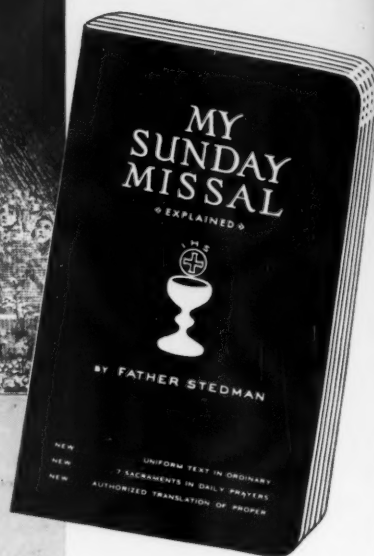
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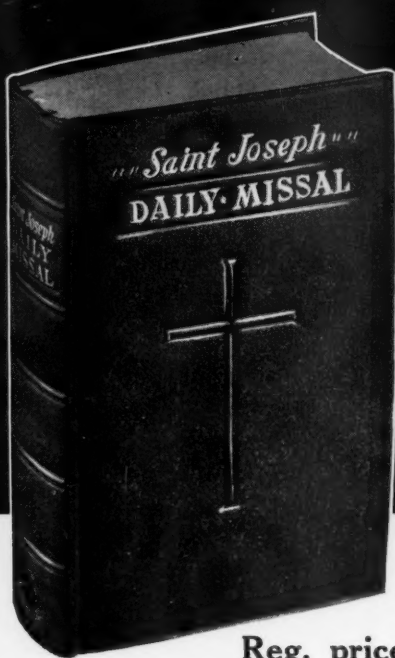
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Letters

THE JULY SIGN

Let me compliment you on your timely and excellent July issue of THE SIGN. Although the editorial skill of your staff is evident on its every page and daring foresightedness is often displayed in dealing with the true and unblurred image of the events which confront us regardless how unfavorable and shocking they may be, the July issue, which contains a number of articles on the relationship of the Church and State, in particular in this country with reference to the forthcoming Presidential elections, is in a certain sense a masterpiece. It is a pity that a magazine with a particular mission never receives such a wide acclaim as our nationwide news-and-picture magazines. Our non-Catholic brothers could learn from it that their problem is far from being as painful and hot as it is being presented to them by some reporters and columnists in our secular press, who are only too eager to report but too unmeticulous to see that they report the unbiased truth. . . .

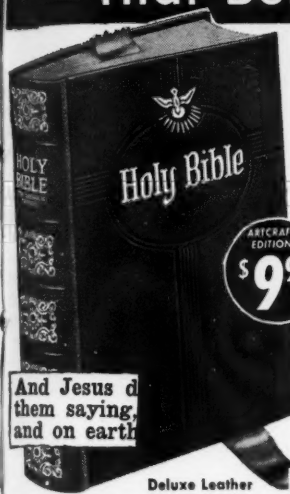
REV. JAROSLAV V. POLC
NEW LONDON, WIS.

I have just finished reading the July issue of your very popular magazine, THE SIGN. Your magazine is always worth reading, but this issue, I think, deserves special comment and commendation. You and your staff are to be congratulated on bringing together, just at this time of the 1960 political conventions, three such timely, excellently presented items dealing with Catholicism and Catholics in the U.S. as Archbishop Karl Alter's on "A Catholic President," Dr. Kerwin's on "Why This Fear of the Church?" and "Portfolio of 15 American Catholics." I hope this issue gets into the hands of many people in high places, including Mr. John Kennedy's (whom these articles might serve to enlighten and whose Catholic morale they might help to build up—if it needs building up).

These articles in the July issue of THE SIGN are worthy and admirable contributions to the type of Catholic writing that is bound to gain a hearing and respect for Catholics and for the Church in America. It is the type of writing that gives one a wholesome pride and joy for the sake of our Mother the Church, in whom the true Catholic hopes to see Christ Our Lord glorified. It is the type of writing

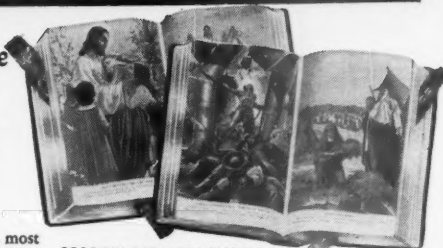
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which, while infused with humility and charity, shows that the children of the Church of the U.S. do number among them those that count intellectually, culturally, and socially. And this type of writing, thanks be to God, is on the increase in American Catholic journalism.

SISTER M. ROSE AGNES, O.S.B.

JOLIET, ILL.

I want to take this opportunity to compliment you on the July issue of *The SIGN*. The articles contained therein were timely and informative and most appropriate at this time. I refer to the articles by Archbishop Alter and the various articles concerning a Catholic President. I also enjoyed the story about Helen Hayes.

I have been a constant reader of *The SIGN* and have always enjoyed "Stage and Screen" by Jerry Cotter.

Once again I want to compliment you on this wonderful issue and trust that future issues will be every bit as good or even better.

WILLIAM E. BLAUVELT

LINDEN, N. J.

THE LATE ARRIVALS

In your July issue, introducing your "Portfolio of 15 American Catholics," you say the first boatload of American Catholics landed in Maryland in 1634. Wow!!

I grew up in Minnesota, and the U.S. history I studied ignored the tremendous contributions of the Catholic church to the present U.S. west of Ohio too.

I moved to Albuquerque ten years ago though and have discovered what warped history it was. I guess all I can ask is that you do show this to the writer of the article. The fact that one of our state capitals, Santa Fe, was founded in 1610 should serve as only one point of reference. The many mission churches in California also predate eastern Catholicism too many years to be ignored. Give it a serious look or two, and you'll be just as surprised as I was.

ROBERT P. STROMBERG

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

We weren't surprised; we were embarrassed.

NOMINATIONS FOR OBLIVION

As a recent subscriber, but as a long-time reader, of *THE SIGN*, I wish to compliment your magazine for giving me many articles that are food for thought.

In your August issue, you published an article entitled "Nominations for Oblivion." More consideration should be given this topic in your future publications. As a nation we need a shift in ideals to strive for or soon there may be another decline as the Roman Empire suffered.

This article was printed at an opportune time for me. I participate in a discussion club in the Catholic Alumnae Club of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Our topic in September is, "What does the United States as a nation have as a purpose?" Your

(Continued on page 75)

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PROBLEM OF ALCOHOLISM. Old beliefs disproved . . . How to handle alcoholic mate or relative.

MENOPAUSE AND OLD AGE. Critical period . . . Spiritual life helps adjustments of middle age . . . Changes in women . . . Treatments for problems at menopause . . . Problems of menopause.

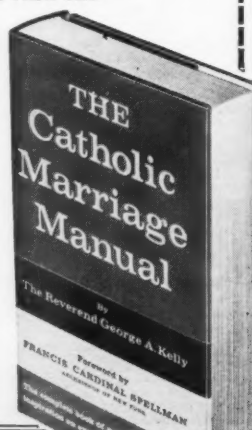
"UNTIL DEATH DO YOU PART." Divorce evil . . . When Catholic marriages are invalid . . . Pauline Privilege . . . Costs of annulments . . . Two kinds of separation possible . . . When Catholics may start civil divorce action.

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National Catholic Magazine

October, 1960
Volume 40, No. 3

A SONG



16

"Who's Sorry Now?" was the song that made Connie Francis famous; a profile of a level-headed girl

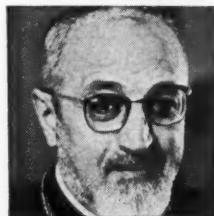
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Congo: African Danger Spot

FEW WILL question the assertion that the Belgian Congo was wholly unprepared for the independence granted it on June 30 of this year. The successful existence of a modern state requires a very large number of experienced, educated, and talented legislators, administrators, civil servants, technicians, professional men, educators, and other public servants.

The Congolese didn't have enough to run a small-sized city, to say nothing of a country.

The Belgians are being blamed for all this. Undoubtedly it is partially their fault, but they have been made the scapegoats of the whole affair. The Belgians were not the only ones who didn't realize how fast and strong the independence forces in Africa were moving.

It was only about eighty years ago that Stanley was exploring this area of rivers, swamps, and jungles. It later became a Belgian colony for about seventy years. The natives were at the level of the stone age, steeped in every pagan superstition and vice, including cannibalism and slavery.

Seventy years is only two generations, a short time to lift a people from savagery to a point where they can take their place as a nation in the modern world. In spite of Belgian efforts, the Congolese are still a conflicting mixture of parties, tribes, loyalties, ambitions, and hatreds. They vary in culture from the witch doctors of the jungle to the few graduates of Belgian-built Lovanium University.

The Belgians made great efforts and accomplished a great deal. Their record is as good as that of most colonial nations. For seventy years, they expended themselves in their efforts to civilize and educate the Congolese. They constructed and staffed primary and secondary schools, and even seminaries and a university. Catholic missionaries performed heroic tasks in educating the people and in forming native clergy and religious. The Belgians constructed modern cities, built roads, railways and air fields, provided dispensaries and hospitals, and had almost eradicated leprosy, malaria, yellow fever, and sleeping sickness.

It was unfair to the Belgians that the world in general, as well as the U.N., seemed to give ear to Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba rather than to the Belgian side of the story. The only qualification for office this man has is his ability to mesmerize a crowd of natives by his speeches. He

talks out of both sides of his mouth at the same time and contradicts himself almost every hour on the hour. There is very good evidence that he is under strong Red influences.

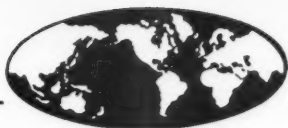
Others besides the Congolese have paid heed to this ex-convict. As a result, the Belgians have been blamed for all the trouble in the Congo and even one of the main purposes of the U.N. was to get them out as quickly as possible. The world seemed to forget that it was the Congolese Force Publique that had caused the trouble by a sudden orgy of murder, rape, pillage, and arson.

There are a few lessons we should learn from the Congo affair—if we haven't learned them already. One is that democracy isn't good for all. Democracy requires free elections, and how can there be free elections among a people who cannot even read the ballots and who have no knowledge of issues or candidates. Colonialism isn't necessarily bad, although it has been made a dirty word by the Reds. Colonial rule is a necessity until a people are capable of self-government. And finally, independence is a curse rather than a blessing when it means an exchange of highly trained and intelligent rulers for ignorant and tyrannical home-grown dictators.

THE WEST must be extremely careful in its approach to African problems. In another generation or two, Africans will be a tremendous force in the world and their attitude then may very well be determined by what we do now. We can't afford to lose Africa as we did China. Our best approach is to try to convince African leaders that they should accept help and guidance from the U.N. rather than from any particular nation or any power bloc. We must try also to convince them that all the blustering threats and protestations of Soviet Russia have only one purpose—the spread of Red imperialism over the dark continent.

The trouble in the Congo caught us by surprise. It is time we had a thoroughly thought out, enlightened, and definite policy for our dealings with Africa.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Editorials in Pictures and Print

Why Violence?

Violence is on the increase in the world today. Hardly a day passes without atrocious crimes against persons. And F.B.I. statistics support the casual impressions drawn from the press.

What causes this eruption of cruelty and hatred? In the effort to probe some of the causes, we read a novel by Caryl Chessman, *The Kid was a Killer*.

The pattern of violence in the novel was traced to a home without love. The father was brutal and selfish. The mother rebelled against this tyranny by killing her husband. She committed suicide in prison. The boy who knew fear where he should have received love became a killer.

Not all violence can be traced to such causes. But the tragedy of this pattern is that it freezes the tender human emotions at infancy. A child becomes incapable of love and trust. Instinctively he seeks a like partner for marriage. Since neither is capable of loving, they only beget another generation of unloved and twisted personalities.

Persons so afflicted are classed by doctors as sociopaths or psychopaths. They cannot adjust to society since they never learned to adjust at home. They may become simple misfits, tortured in soul; or they may rebel and become criminals or utterly immoral. Generally speaking, once such a diagnosis is given, it is considered hopeless. Doctors know of no remedy.

Occasionally one hears of a social worker who, through kindness and infinite patience, has restored such a soul. St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Washington, D. C., also has achieved some success by this approach. However, this method is quite time-consuming and demanding for the average social worker or psychiatrist. One wonders if many, not motivated by deep religious convictions, would have both the human qualities and the grace to penetrate these frozen souls.

With this in mind, we visited Father Charles Clark, a Jesuit priest in St. Louis. He has been called the "hoodlum priest," and his work is now the subject of a Hollywood film. He is the soul of kindness to former convicts. He has contemplative communities praying for jobs for the men in his "half-way house," St. Dismas House. The results, in terms of convicts getting jobs and becoming stable citizens, have been phenomenal.

We also visited a contemplative community of Sisters who have the same mission for women prisoners. The Dominican Sisters of Bethany are just starting in the United States. They recently received their first postulants in the new convent in West Newton, Massachusetts. So they have no record of achievement here, as yet, save the important one of contemplative prayer.

In Europe, these contemplative Sisters are occasionally detached to visit prisons for women. A secular institute



RELIGIOUS NEWS

PERSONAL VISIT. Dressed in army fatigues and flown by helicopter, Francis Cardinal Spellman is interviewed by Radio Free Europe in Germany, near the Czechoslovak border. The seventy-one-year-old prelate, head of Military Ordinariate, never loses a chance to bring the Church to American servicemen.

related to them has receiving-homes for former prisoners. Those who desire a deeper religious life may join the community, either as tertiaries or even as professed Sisters, with no distinction made as to origin or background.

Prayer and kindness have worked miracles with some cases who would be considered clinically hopeless. This subject is deserving of deeper study in our age of violence.

New Sounds in Industry

There are forty-six billion dollars tied up today in American pension and welfare funds. Who owns this money? Who decides where it is to be invested? Can smart investment of these fabulous sums win control of banks—of corporations? About 500 corporations in the U.S.A. control two-thirds of the nonfarm economy. These corporations are basically financed by millions of individual Americans who buy their stocks. Who owns the companies? Who decides on the use of funds? Where is the source of authority behind the decisions of each corporation's board of directors and management? Where do we draw the line between ownership and "usership." Between private property, public property, and Government property? Where is the line of distinction between a man's right over property and his authority over the lives of his fellow men? What rights belong to the public through their government over large publicly owned property of corporations?

These are important questions. They are some of the questions asked during the National Catholic Social Action Conference annual convention held at Niagara University, August 27-29. Theme of the conference was "Man and Property in the Modern World—Some New Horizons." Two principal papers, delivered by Father Paul Harbrecht, S.J., of the Institute of Social Order, and Father Gerard Dion, Director of the Department of Industrial Relations at Laval University, Canada, are being published in the periodical *Social Order*.

All in all, one could easily get the impression that while these questions are being asked around the nation, both labor and management are lagging behind in estimating the realities of the present situation. Since the steel strike of 1959, many thoughtful people have been asking, "Is collective bargaining outmoded?" (We are sure it isn't.) Inflation has been blamed on both management and labor. Danger of losing the race in competition with foreign markets is often blamed on the shortsightedness of labor which wants to freeze the situation of the 1940's and on management which sighs unceasingly for "the good ol' days" of the 1890's. The public has increasingly insisted on having its needs, if not its voice, considered at the bargaining table.

It adds up to one looming event: the public will be heard from more and more loudly, demanding that labor and management co-operate for the good of all. Potentially, government has authority to regulate the activities of labor and management for the common good. But we don't want socialism—and we have had enough of rugged individualism. Nor is there any guarantee that governmental bureaucracy can achieve what labor and management fail to achieve. Teamwork and self-regulation is the solution. America in 1960 is awaiting industry's answer.

End of the World

We hear a good deal nowadays about the end of the world. Rumors come from two sources: Christian and pagan.

Our Lord prophesied the end of the world would one day arrive. No informed Christian doubts it. But Our Lord studiously refused to pinpoint the date. In effect, He

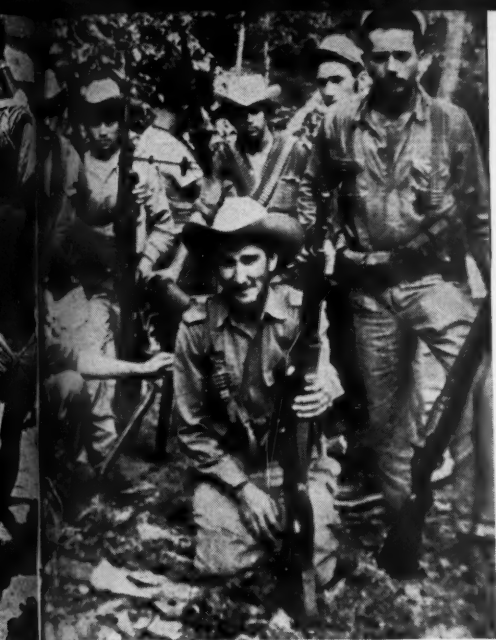


ASIAN ROUTE. Another evidence that men, given the tools, even primitive ones, will do the job! East Pakistan laborers work on the proposed 7,000-mile highway stretching from Saigon, South Viet Nam to Istanbul, Turkey. Vast route, to be finished in 1965, will be a boon to Asia



RELIGIOUS NEWS

THRICE BLESSED. The joys of a fortieth wedding anniversary and three sons in the priesthood meet in this warm scene. Fathers Cronan, Cyprian, and Columkille, all Passionists, each imparts special blessing to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Regan of Providence, R.I.



WIDE WORLD

FREEDOM. Are Cuba and the Congo going under the Red yoke? Is the West once more watching two countries lose the freedom they fought for? The grievously stupid leadership of Castro and Lumumba has become a menace. So we see a new batch of Cuban rebels, left, taking to the hills with plans to overthrow Castro. And on the right, army volunteers in Katanga are trying to make troops of themselves so that they can resist forced integration with the Congo. There are always recruits for freedom, but they are a poor match for the wiles of Castro and Lumumba



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RECORDS. A pair of brave men catapulting us into a new age: Capt. Joseph Kittinger jumped 19½ miles from a balloon, and speed pilot Joe Walker, who flew an X15 rocket plane 2,150 mph, a world record



WIDE WORLD

RELIGIOUS NEWS



TOGETHER.

Family retreats are becoming popular. Here is one that combines vacation fun at Carmel Retreat Center, Hamilton, Mass. Baby-sitters and teachers occupy children's attention during the conferences

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said that such was God's own business. For two thousand years individual Christians, saints among them, have been making predictions of the day and the hour. The earth still spins.

But today there is another raft of rumors that have their source, not in Christian prophecy, but in pagan gloom based on the present realities of human science. Many sheer secularists, impressed by the fact that one H-bomb carries more destructive punch than the combined load of all the bombs exploded during World War II, keep reminding us that mankind now has the power to destroy itself. Dire predictions are often uttered, as though God did not exist, or at least as though the Creator had nothing to say about the world He made.

We would not want to underestimate the gravity of mankind's present situation. In view of the continuing perversity of the Communist conspiracy, the militant cunning of the unpredictable Khrushchev, the growling threats of Mao Tse-tung, only a fool could hop out of bed each morning with unalloyed optimism. But what we are saying is that even Mr. K and all the arrogant perversity he represents still remain under divine control—and that nothing can happen without God's permission and whatever God does permit will be in keeping with His kindly Providence for mankind's final happiness.

But we also find annoying that narrow view of some Catholics who look on the end of the world only as something to be feared. Scripture tells us that the catastrophe is only the prelude to the final establishment of God's everlasting Kingdom. For there is another meaning to "the end of the world." Just as the majesty of the oak tree is "the end" of the acorn that died to live, just as the full-blown tulip is "the end" of the plain tulip bulb planted in the dark, moist earth in the early fall, so, in God's loving Providence, a "new heaven and new earth" have been destined to succeed this one, as the Sacred Scriptures declare. The painful transformation at the end of history is the prelude to glory—where men's souls are purified with divinity and men's bodies are forever glorified with incorruptible light.

Christians should long for this. We pray for its arrival every time we say "Thy kingdom come!" Meanwhile we are asked to bring mankind to a state of social existence that lives ever more closely under God's law.

This is the reason for Christian optimism. For as surely as the butterfly is intimately related to the caterpillar, so this old world has an intimate relation to the world to come. And while we await its arrival, we work for the advancement of mankind, in wisdom and knowledge—in goodness and kindness—for greater control over nature and unity among the nations.

In 1957, in his Christmas message, Pope Pius XII referred to the end of the world as "perhaps some centuries distant." He himself repeatedly gave mankind a magnificent outline for spiritual and social development for future centuries, apparently convinced we would use it. On March 19, 1958, he addressed 100,000 youths in St. Peter's Square and reminded them that we had just emerged from a bitter winter of suffering, that even now mankind was in the springtime of new achievement, and despite some occasional storms in the future, we were destined to enjoy the splendor of a magnificent civilization flowering through the earth.

As for Fatima, good authority tells us that Sister Lucy, sole survivor of those revelations, denies she has predicted frightful calamities for the future. And Pope John XXIII is in the midst of planning an Ecumenical Council for the future of the Church. The Church, steeped in the eternal life of God, is optimistic for the future. Catholics do well to share this optimism.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

Public Authority and the Movies. The International Catholic Film Office had its tenth meeting this summer; theme of the meeting was "Cinema, Youth, and Public Authorities." Domenico Cardinal Tardini, Papal Secretary of State, writing in behalf of the Pope, took the occasion to stress "the serious responsibility incumbent in this area on public authorities." Pointing out that the number of moral films has increased and that civil authorities in many countries have realized that "more stringency was required to prevent a dangerous weakening of spiritual values and morality," the Cardinal declared: "... the education of youth is first of all a matter for the family and the Church. But civil authorities cannot fail to take an interest in the spiritual well-being of the young. On the contrary, they must insure for them the protection they need. . . . It falls therefore, within the sphere of civil authority in questions pertaining to motion pictures to take the necessary measures for the good of the young generation, measures involving both the legislative and executive branches. . . ." He urged civil authorities to bar from public life degrading shows no matter for whom they are intended, and to take measures to protect youth against films that are improper for the age; he urged them also to cooperate in obtaining films suitable for the age and psychology of youth. Granting that it was up to private industry to act in this field, he added: "But when this does not suffice, aid and encouragement from the state become . . . useful and even necessary."

The Myth of Property Values. Do property values automatically decrease when Negroes move into an all-white neighborhood? Most people believe so. But Luigi Laurenti, a research economist who studied 10,000 real estate transactions in the San Francisco Bay area and Philadelphia, says no. The odds are about four to one, he says, that house prices in a neighborhood entered by non-whites will keep up with or exceed prices in a comparable all-white area. He has detailed his study in *Property Values and Race* (University of California Press). The attitude of the white people involved is the key to keeping the market value steady. Panic selling is what hurts property values.

The Future of Christianity. Although facing up to grim truth is not the way to make a magazine popular, we want to emphasize again that there is a tremendous problem facing Christianity: Christians are becoming a diminishing percentage of the world's population. By the year 2000 less than one-quarter of humanity will be Christian, and within a century the whole of Christendom may be reduced to a small minority. This, despite a steady growth of Christianity. The reason is clear: the birth rate, particularly in the East, is many times greater than the spread of the Christian denominations through conversions. The picture is made even grimmer by the spread of totalitarian governments, which reduce the number of Christians wherever they take hold, and the slowly corroding influence of secularism and indifferentism in the free nations and underdeveloped countries. Father H. A. Reinhold of Pittsburgh used these and prospects to lay a challenge before the recent 21st North American Liturgical Week. We are in no position, he said, to neglect anything which will make the reunion of dissident churches with the Catholic Church both "attractive and safe." He pointed to the Liturgy as the focal point around which Christians of good will can gather. A deeper appreciation of the Liturgy by Catholics and an invitation to other Christians to share in it could be a big step to removing the obstacles that separate us. There is no time left for Catholics to take a righteous view of other Christians.

WHY THEY CHEAT

There are times when the casual newspaper reader must suspect that there are few, if any, honest young people in the United States. Hardly a year goes by in which some new scandal involving youthful cheating or theft does not come to light. First of all, there was the tragic story of the West Point football team, purged for cheating in exams. There were the arrests of basketball stars across the nation for holding down the "point spread" in important games to make it less risky for an enterprising gambler to make a dishonest dollar. Next, there were surveys demonstrating that between 60 and 90 per cent of college students thought that there was nothing wrong with cheating in tests. Then came the articles recording the various techniques, some of them fantastically clever, which have been devised to outsmart any professor so foolish as to try to prevent cheating. Finally, in recent months, we have read that term papers, answer sheets, substitutes for exams, even doctoral dissertations could be purchased for a predetermined price—with \$3,000 as the going rate for a Ph.D. thesis.

A good many shocked members

**This is one
of the most
important
articles
The Sign
has ever
published**

BY ANDREW GREELEY

The public doesn't care about lying and

of the older generation took these scandals to be conclusive proof that the youth of today are corrupt and dishonest to the very marrow of their bones. What these viewers-with-alarm did not realize was that, in condemning the dishonesty of the young, they were condemning themselves.

YOUNG people practice the morality they have learned from the actions of their parents. They dispense with the verbalized pieties of the preceding generation and do out in the open what their fathers and mothers thought they were doing in secret. If the youth of America is infected with dishonesty, then it is merely reflecting the sad state into which the observation of the seventh and eighth commandments has sunk in the whole nation.

The young American looking around his Republic would be hard put to prove that honesty is characteristic of our national life. In *The Thief in the White Collar* (Lippincott), Norman Jaspan and Hinkl Balck estimate that each year some \$1 billion is stolen by the so-called "white collar thief"—the thief who steals from the company for which he works—and that another \$5 billion changes hands in the form of bribes, payoffs, kickbacks, "presents," and other forms of dishonesty in business life. Within the past decade, loss claims in "honesty" insurance (covering the loss of money or goods stolen by employees) has risen 250 per cent. In the past twenty years, 105 banks were forced to close because of embezzlement, and one out of five banks has experienced some embezzlement in the last five years. At any given time, it is estimated that between \$10 million and \$25 million is missing in thefts that banks have not even discovered.

A recent *Life* article told of a mythical but not untypical businessman who, on a single day, bribed a policeman, cheated on his income tax, entertained his wife at the expense of his company, bribed a building inspector, took a kickback in the form of a TV set, juggled his books, issued a misleading ad, lifted an office desk set, and suggested his wife forget about her maid's social security tax.

Fortune, in a companion article, suggested, "There is more industrial espionage going on in the United States today than in any other period in our history." Such spying extends from learning what a competitor's bid is on a million-dollar contract to paying a clerk a few dollars a week for advance information on prices in supermarket sales. Supermarkets lose \$100 million a year due to employee thefts. This loss affects perhaps 10 per cent of the industry's profits.

Theft is not necessarily limited to the poor and uneducated in our population. Norman Jaspan tells of one case in which a suburban store was robbed of \$250,000 in goods by twenty-nine part-time workers of whom twenty-one had been to college, three were school principals, one an insurance adjuster, and one a credit manager for a large company. To complete the picture, the Internal Revenue Service collects more than \$1.5 billion each year in fines, penalties, and back taxes from the people who get caught cheating on their income tax.

A young person reading the newspapers and watching TV during the past two years would have been treated to

some delightful events. There was the massive rigging of TV quiz shows, instigated by producers with the approval of the sponsors and the benevolent ignorance of the networks and the federal regulatory agencies. There was the payola racket for which the hapless disk jockeys took the blame, though no one thinks they originated the custom or are the only ones who practice it. There were the spectacular McClellan hearings, which revealed that many a union leader looked on membership dues as little more than a contribution to his private investment fund.

There have been suspicious practices in every branch of the government, with cabinet officers and members of federal agencies resigning under fire for accepting favors from the people they were supposed to be regulating, millions of dollars disappearing from state and local treasuries in tax thefts, ticket-fixing, and outright embezzlement, schedules of fixed rates for bribing state legislators, and police officers accused of co-operating with criminals.

THE crime syndicates ride high, their members living in plush suburban villas, throwing lavish parties, junketing around the world, disposing of their enemies at will, occasionally dictating the outcomes of local elections, and being tripped up only when, in the press of so many activities, they forget to pay their income tax. The young person might be excused for musing that crime certainly does not pay if it is small crime, but if it is large-scale crime, carried on with the approval of police and the consent of government, then it can pay handsomely.

The deceptions which have crept into advertising have become legendary. The Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Commission have been run ragged just trying to keep up with the deceptions that are clearly illegal. The forms of advertising that are technically honest but nevertheless intend to deceive go on unabated. The recent revelations about the fantastic mark-up in drug prices and the dubious claims made for many new drugs have not amazed too many Americans. What is somewhat amazing is the lack of anything but perfunctory moral indignation.

It is not only in the mass media that the youngsters encounter dishonesty. Among the valuable experiences they acquire on their summer jobs is basic training in the refinements of the gentle arts of goldbricking, feather-bedding, and cheating. They mark up prices in drugstores, sell samples as regular merchandise, change dated caps on milk bottles, waste as much time as possible, aid contractors in doing substandard work, help older workers steal equipment, place horse-race bets on company time, doctor their time sheets, and attempt to sell defective goods. If their consciences bother them, their fellow employees soon straighten them out.

Respected institutions of higher learning are not above dishonesty, either, for many of them violate their own codes of recruiting athletes. Few young sports fans are unaware that college, and often high school, sports are a

FATHER ANDREW GREELEY of Chicago, a student of modern conditions of suburban life, is author of *The Church in the Suburbs*.

...and cheating when "no one is hurt"

business and the pious protestations of the professional educators to the contrary are nothing more than hypocrisy.

But the most important teacher of dishonesty is the family. During the height of the TV quiz scandal, I was riding behind three very successful-looking businessmen on the way to an exclusive suburb in the eastern part of our country. I could not help hearing their comments on the rigged programs. They all agreed that they could see nothing wrong with what the famous contestant had done. He simply had done what his temporary employers had told him to do. His following of dubious instructions was not at all dissimilar to many of the things they were called upon to do in the business world every day.

For one horrified moment, I wondered if they would go home and tell their children these startling "facts." But of course they would not do this. It is still expected in this country that we pay verbal reverence to the traditional moral norms. No, they would not tell their children that cheating was an accepted part of business practice, but they would communicate their attitudes in many ways which would be much louder than any words they would say. A bribed policeman, a doctored income-tax report, an expense account spree, a company car put to private use—these and a thousand other little signs would be sufficient to communicate the real, if not verbal, moral standards of a good part of our public life.

Through all the complicated and involved forms of cheating to be observed in our land, there seem to run two justifying themes—"Everyone is doing it" and "It isn't hurting anyone." These have been the excuses of the Korean prisoners who made propaganda broadcasts for the Communists, of the policemen who have abetted burglars, of the TV quiz contestants, of the government officials who accepted bribes, of the disk jockeys who put "payola" into our vocabulary. Small wonder that those who cheat in college examinations echo the same sentiments.

Violations of the seventh and eighth commandments are not unique in our society. "Everyone is doing it" and "It isn't hurting anyone" have been favorite human expressions since shortly after the original sin. What does seem to be new in our day is the public acceptance of lying and theft as the expected course of action. Public indignation seems to have spent its force. Most people seem to be convinced that everyone is doing it and—here is the important and original contribution of our age—if everyone is doing it, it must be all right.

Many reasons can be found for this decline in public moral sense. Certainly, one explanation is the complex and impersonal nature of our society. Stealing from the poor, the widows, and the orphans is obviously wrong. But it is a bit hard to feel sorry for General Motors, or NBC, or Materials Service Corporation, or Metropolitan Life, or the Internal Revenue Service. These are not persons but nonhuman organizations, and to steal from them seems much less evil. The argument that it "isn't hurting anyone" can have a superficial plausibility.

Obviously, someone or a group of someones is deprived of a right every time an appliance is stolen, a bribe is accepted, a false or misleading ad is televised, a question-

able report is turned in, or a public lie is told. But in a time of attenuated moral sensitivities, this truth can be ignored when the immediate object of dishonesty is a large corporate body. Even people with not undeveloped moral instincts tended at first to think that the unfortunate TV quiz contestants did nothing wrong. After all, it was argued, no one was hurt, entertainment was provided, cosmetics were successfully advertised; so what harm was done? The acting out of a lie before twenty million people seemed strangely impersonal and quite excusable.

There are other and more important factors at work than the impersonality of our society. At the basis of the decline in public morality and public moral sense is a decline in the notion of fixed moral standards. The philosophies of Freud and Dewey and Holmes have done their work well.

THERE can be no denying a vast segment of our population today is convinced, on the level of operation, if not on the level of verbalization, that whatever the majority thinks is right is therefore right. One hesitates to score points against some of the non-Catholic churches in this discussion, but one is compelled to note that, when one church can look on artificial birth control as a heinous sin in the 1920's and as an act of praiseworthy virtue in the 1950's, the church can hardly be considered to be promoting public respect for permanent moral values. If majority desires constitute the moral norm in one area, why cannot such a rule be applied to all areas?

In the light of this decline in national morality, cheating by young people can be much more easily understood. It is merely a part of an emerging national pattern. After all, the important thing in college is getting good marks and obtaining a degree. To steal an examination or a term paper, to get someone else to take a test for you, to fake a dissertation—none of these really hurt anyone; they are just means to an end which society expects a young person to attain. That they have nothing to do with learning is irrelevant; who goes to school to learn anyhow?

One can, with some ease, describe a program to combat the decline in public morality, but one does it with faint hope that much will be done without a revival of the moral faculty or a miraculous intervention of the Holy Spirit.

First of all, every educational institution (home, school, mass media, and church) must insist in season and out that a considerable number of customs which have become almost accepted practices in our country are opposed to the traditional moral standards upon which the Republic is based and which have always been an integral part of the Judaeo-Christian spiritual tradition. These institutions must insist that everyone is *not* doing it and that people *are* getting hurt.

Those in public office and in positions of control in the many labor and professional organizations must be determined not to tolerate the slightest sign of corruption.

But such reforms will not be sufficient if parents, the most important transmitters of value, do not practice as well as preach the highest standards of personal morality. If parents wonder why their children cheat, the answer in most cases is that, for all the things the parents have *said*, they have *not taught* their children any differently.

**"WHO'S
SORRY
NOW?"**



**NOT
CONNIE
FRANCIS**

By JERRY COTTER

"Some talent, a lot of luck, and the fact that the teen-agers can identify themselves with me" are the reasons Connie Francis gives for her phenomenal success in a field dominated by weird young men who grunt, wiggle, groan, and evidently have their hair styled by Charles Adams or Zacherly.

The vivacious, brown-haired miss in New Jersey, just two years out of her teens, should have added her father's concertina and her own determination to the list. Without both, even her jet-powered tones might be confined to the shower or local Saturday night shindigs. Instead, she is the country's most popular girl singer. Her voice and personality have sold fifteen million MGM records, eight million of them in the last half of 1959. She is the only songstress to break into the top ten since

Elvis and his imitators began to monopolize the teen-agers' attention.

Scratch the surface of almost any youngster today and you'll find a Francis fan. They buy her records, then sit down and write letters to her. Because it is so easy for them to identify with a girl who has none of the affectations or the false glamour adopted by most entertainers, her influence on the young people is impressive.

"They write to me as if they were sisters or brothers of mine," she says with a refreshing, and genuine, modesty. "They talk about things like weight problems and school marks, whether they should go steady, or do I think their parents are too strict. Not the sort of mail Elizabeth Taylor would get, you understand."

Because Connie is a level-headed girl,

she takes this part of her job seriously. "It wasn't so long ago that I was worried about the same things, so I can sympathize with them. Being a teen-ager today is not very easy, but from what I can see, and I do get the chance to meet a lot of them, they're pretty much all right."

They seem to feel the same way about her. This year, the Catholic Youth Organization of Baltimore singled her out for its annual award. Last year, the Albany Diocese CYO provided a similar honor in recognition of her professional success and personal qualities. Seton Hall University named her "The Outstanding Catholic Entertainer of 1959," and presented her with its Convocation Medal, the first time a performer has received it.

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day's work as a roofing contractor. Connie's father, George Franconera, found the squeeze-box concertina relaxing and good fun. With his wife Ida and their two-year-old Concetta, they would sing the old favorites and songs that the little girl picked up that day on the radio.

Concetta was loud, if not invariably on key, but she did exhibit a musical sense that caused her father to predict: "She is going to be a great singer some day."

By the time she was four, Connie insisted on getting an instrument of her own. Her father bought a 12-bass accordion and took her around to the local music teacher, who had doubts but was at least willing to try.

From the first lesson there was no stopping Connie. Unlike many children who thump pianos, scrape violins, or toot horns under watchful parental eyes, Connie was enthusiastic about the whole idea.

"It never was a chore for me. In fact I always looked forward to the hours I spent with the 'big box.'"

A musical comedy star once told me that the worst thing she could remember from her childhood was being dragged around to sing and dance at Rotary luncheons, church benefits, and local entertainments. "Many times I wanted to stop in the middle of a song and dash off the stage," she recalled, "but I knew what would be waiting for me at home if I did."

With Connie it was different. She loved the chance to sing, whether at home alone, or before audiences in veterans' hospitals, at church fairs, or in the television studios where she started singing professionally when she was eleven.

ABOUT THIS time, she took Connie Francis as a stage name and became a regular performer on a juvenile variety show, *Startime*. The program was produced by George Sheck, who has guided her in the intervening years and is her manager today. For four years she sang and played the accordion, a plump little girl with a friendly smile and a full, robust contralto. Between numbers she studied the methods of TV production and the problems of lighting and camera work, and wound up as the producer's assistant.

When Connie was twelve, her uncle wrote an enthusiastic letter to Arthur Godfrey, suggesting that his niece appear on a *Talent Scouts* show. Whether it was the letter, the fact that the youngster was a fellow Jerseyite, or just the Christmas spirit, Godfrey invited the girl in for an audition.

Belting out a number called "Daddy's Little Girl" on the Godfrey Christmas show was a big event for a twelve-year-old, but it was not the key to immediate success, so she returned to school, to *Startime*, and to dreams of the future.

Her dreams started to materialize some three years later when she was signed to a recording contract by MGM. This came along at a time when Connie was putting her tremendous reserve of energy to good use. An honor student, she also edited the high school paper, wrote and appeared in a school musical, and won a state-wide shorthand and typing contest with an average of 175 words a minute.

"I also ate as if each meal was going to be my last," Connie says, "and before long I was a very unhappy 140 pounds. George Sheck insisted I start reducing if I really wanted to be a singer. I took off thirty pounds in two months."

The abundance of extracurricular activity would seem to be the surest way of winding up a "C" student, but the "music kid" is made of sterner stuff. On graduation day she was announced the winner of a four-year scholarship to New York University.

Unwilling to be a sideline singer, Connie decided to give it all up and concentrate on college. Her records were only mildly popular and it seemed silly to continue in that direction. She decided to set her sights on medicine.

"Please, try just one more record," her father begged. "Try something different. Maybe an old song with a new beat. How does this one sound?" The concertina beat out "Who's Sorry Now?" Connie wasn't at all convinced, but she went along with it. The song is several years older than she, and it seemed silly to try and revive it, new beat or not.

Though it took some six months to catch on, the disc became a tremendous success, and once started it soon soared over the million mark, a magic figure in recording circles. Since then she has made pop music history, coming along at a time when the ballad-type song was in a complete eclipse.

"Who's Sorry Now?" was the forerunner of her success as a singer. It also ended her college plans, and despite the amazing success she has scored, Connie Francis isn't quite sure that she made the wiser choice. "I just don't know," she says when the subject comes up.

Connie will make her movie debut this fall in MGM's *Where the Boys Are*. Several of Judy Garland's old successes are being considered as follow-up vehicles for her. It could perhaps start a very welcome movie trend away from

violence, depravity, and pseudo-Freud.

Though she is at the very crest of her popularity, this radiant and bubbling extrovert is not bowled over by it. She has traveled throughout the country, toured Canada, England, and the Hawaiian Islands to the sort of applause few singers twice her age ever receive. To say she is not pleased by it would be ridiculous, but you get the impression that she will never be lulled into losing her balance or her values. For Connie this is work she loves and has been trained to do. It is as simple and practical as that.

WITH THE exception of the family dog Mambo, the Franconeras have accepted the situation calmly. Connie's brother George, who is attending a southern university preparing for a law career, never told his classmates and fraternity friends that this Connie Francis, whose records they played constantly, was his sister. It wasn't until a friend went down to spend a weekend with him that the story came out.

Mambo is another proposition. Fame has brought the usual run of reporters and photographers to the family home in Bloomfield. "It has reached the stage," says Connie, "that Mambo runs forward whenever he sees a camera, sits and looks up with what is suspiciously like a Lassie smile."

In recent years the popular music field has been taken over by the rock 'n roll rhythm, to the consternation of those who recall the great ballads, the fine jazz, and the lilting swing. Its high chiefs have been young men who appear to be convalescing from something serious. However, their message seems to be getting through to the dedicated. Or at least it did until Connie Francis came along with her ballads-with-a-beat. The teen-agers responded to this new approach with enthusiasm, and whether she sings "Mama" in Italian, or "God Bless America" in rousing English, they are with her.

There are many reasons why the rock 'n roll craze is in eclipse right now. "One of them," a recording company executive says, "is Connie Francis. That girl needs real music to sing. Big things like—well, maybe she could even make opera popular if she tried it."

Connie Francis has quite a responsibility for one so young, but an enviable opportunity as well. Far too many teen-age idols find fame impossible to deal with. Judging by the perspective she has exhibited to date, the Faith of herself and her family, and the level-headed reaction with which she has greeted amazing success, Connie seems likely to maintain an even keel.

■ Jim and Martha have been married six years and have four children, with another on the way. They are very devoted parents. But Jim, who became a moonlighter with the last arrival, finds his family growing faster than his income. Martha has her hands full with the four youngsters and wonders how she is going to fit the next arrival into an already tight schedule. Then, of course, there is the problem of space. Their little prefab house (which really isn't theirs yet) is already bulging.

Until now, they have given no thought to limiting their family. Suddenly they find themselves facing a big decision: should they continue their married life as in the past and put their trust in Divine Providence, or should they take measures to limit the number of their children?

They discussed the problem with their pastor. The advice was consoling but it didn't completely solve their problem. From what they could gather, the decision was up to them. They were assured that they had no obligation to continue to have children. Even if they had no children at all, the Church would not expect them to bring children into the world in trying circumstances. Actually, the pastor told them, they had done more than their share. But although there was no further obligation, the decision was up to them.

It was not an easy one to make. They knew that a decision to limit their children would call for sacrifice on their part. Both were educated Catholics, aware that they could not legitimately have recourse to contraceptives. They knew, consequently, that the decision to limit their family would not be as easy for them as it was for Joan and Frank, their non-Catholic friends next door. This couple, in a similar situation, had approached their minister and were assured that it would be permissible to practice contraception. Joan found the practice somewhat repulsive, but this was more from an esthetic than a moral viewpoint.

While Jim and Martha were still pondering their decision, Joan enthusiastically showed them a report carried in a national magazine on the new "contraceptive pill." The article implied that the "pill" should be acceptable to Catholics.

These two couples illustrate not only the problem of family limitation which Catholics and Protestants face today, but also a growing difference of opinion on the morality of solving the problem. The problem of family limitation is not a new one. But the difference of opinion on the morality of *methods* of family limitation is of rather recent

origin. That is why many people infer—quite wrongly—that the "pill" will bridge the gap between traditional morality and the obviously illicit forms of contraception. Before we discuss the "pill" specifically, we must look for a moment at the broader subject of contraception.

The traditional theological opinion, even of Protestantism, has been against the contraceptive method of controlling births. In a recent book, *The Population Explosion and Christian Responsibility* (Oxford University Press), Richard M. Fagley, an official of the World Council of Churches, seems willing to admit the traditional opposition of Protestantism to any method of family limitation that tampers with the procreative purpose of the marriage act.

This admission is borne out by our own legal history. For prevailing legislation against contraception in this country (e.g., in Massachusetts and Connecticut) owes its origin to Protestant influence. It is borne out too by some explicit statements against contraception. For instance, the 1920 meeting of the Lambeth Conference, which represents the official position of the Anglican Church and which is followed by many Episcopalians in this country, came out strongly against contraception. Current approval of contraception, then, represents a departure from traditional Protestant thinking on the subject.

The past decade has witnessed a succession of statements, favorable to the contraceptive method, issued by representatives of various Protestant churches. A concerted effort is being made to elicit similar statements from other members of the ecumenical movement. Catholics, of course, regret these statements. They feel that those who sponsor them are turning their backs on the best traditions of their own churches and people.

The general position taken in these statements is that, as long as married couples show a sense of responsibility in determining the size of their family and do not try to escape their marital obligations, it does not matter what *method* they use to limit their family. As long as their *purpose* is good, all *methods* are equally acceptable, they maintain.

This opinion does not square with the demands of traditional moral theology. You do not satisfy the demands of morality merely by looking at the good intention behind a human deed. The deed itself must be examined. For instance, making a living is a good thing, even a moral necessity. But you can make a living by working or by stealing.

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There is a big difference between the two methods. Stealing is obviously wrong: the fact that one steals in a just cause does not make it legitimate. It is not enough, then, simply to decide the question of responsible parenthood. There is still the question of the *responsible use of sex*. Even after one has decided how many children his marital situation calls for, he must still inquire into the morality of the various methods of family limitation.

The traditional position of the Church has been that the use of Onanistic (contraceptive) methods is not a *responsible use of sex*. By the inmost law of nature (God's law), the use of sex is directed primarily to a *social* goal—procreation. Tampering with this orientation of nature violates the integrity of marital union. The Church, of course, does not deny the *personal* values or benefits of marital union, but it insists that these personal values or benefits may not (and, indeed, cannot) be achieved at the expense of the social orientation of marital union.

Recent Protestant statements on contraception argue that nature itself separates the use of sex from procreation, since it is only on comparatively few days out of the whole female cycle that conception is possible. Moreover, those who are sterile are still capable of marital love. If nature separates propagation from the use of sex, why is it "unnatural" for man to do so?

In answering this argument one might simply say that man does not automatically have a right to do what nature does. It is natural to die, but this does not give one man the right to put another man to death. Moreover, while it is natural for conception *not to take place* during the period, it is natural for it *to take place* during the fertile period. To positively prevent conception during marital union at this time is thus contrary to nature. Finally, to argue the legitimacy of contraception from the natural separability of the personal and social goal of sex is to remove the whole foundation of traditional morality. If one can pursue love at the expense of procreation, one can pursue it outside of marriage. These Protestant moralists would logically have to admit the lawfulness of any love relationship, even a homosexual one.

In defending the integrity of the marriage act, then, the Church is defending a whole moral structure—a structure that holds together not merely the physiological nature of a man and woman but their social nature, with countless ties binding them to their children, to society, to God



the "Pill"!

BY JOHN R. CONNERY, S.J.

"In defending the integrity of the marriage act, the Church is defending a whole moral structure"

and His eternal Kingdom, as well as to each other. Those who have compromised the wholesome integrity, the completeness of the marriage act, have, however unwittingly, undermined the beautiful moral structure designed by God.

Those who argue for contraception place great emphasis on the personal benefits derived from marital union. They say that they do not see why married couples should be deprived of this personal benefit even when, for some legitimate reason, they judge that they dare not bring children into the world. Abstinence or continence will prevent a couple from fostering mutual love, according to this argument. But, if the couple makes use of contraceptives, then they can enjoy marital relations even during the fertile period and in this way foster mutual love and harmony.

THIS argument can be seriously questioned. Abstinence or continence, when a mutual wish and spiritually motivated, will strengthen the bond of love between husband and wife. This does not mean that it will not call for sacrifice. But the willingness to sacrifice for and with the loved one can be a much more reliable and authentic testimony of love than marital union. It is easy to love when love is associated with pleasure. It is the love that survives sacrifice and suffering that is genuine.

It is difficult to understand how contraceptive relations can foster any genuine union between husband and wife. Psychologists today stress the importance of making marital union a total and complete gift of the self to each other. How can that gift be total when either or both parties enter into the union with clear reservations? How can marital relations be properly unitive when a barrier is set up to the real union that takes place between husband and wife? It is in conception that husband and wife become truly one. Relations in which conception is deliberately impeded are divisive rather than unitive. In upholding the integrity of the marital act, the Church is defending the totality and the unique selflessness of marital love.

Moreover, although it is somewhat dangerous to argue from statistics, at least one comparative study between those who practiced contraception and those who practiced rhythm showed that the rate of infidelity was much higher among those who practice contraception (*Supplément de la Vie Spirituelle*, 1958, No. 1, pp. 60-61). This statistic should at least give pause to those who claim that contraceptive

relations foster marital love. It seems rather to indicate that those who compromise the marriage act by use of contraceptives tend to make other compromises as well—if indeed they consider them compromises.

The Church, in maintaining the integrity of the marriage act, puts the emphasis on the *quality* of marital union and insists that this quality be kept wholesome and untarnished. Those who promote contraception tend rather to emphasize the *quantitative* aspect of marital relations. They stress the importance of the frequency of marital relations and they are willing to sacrifice quality for frequency. They tend also to take a purely negative attitude toward continence. On the contrary, the Church feels that the interruption of marital relations by a period of abstinence, especially when called for by responsible parenthood, will actually enrich the periods of union which the couple allow themselves.

With this understanding of contraception, we come now to the critical matter of the "pill." Unlike ordinary contraceptives, the pills currently on the market have quite legitimate uses. They are chemical compounds primarily intended to test ovarian function, correct menstrual disorders, and prevent abortions (miscarriages). When used for these purposes, the "pill" is completely unobjectionable. It has also been suggested that the "pill" can be used to stabilize the time of ovulation (the fertile period) and thus make the practice of rhythm more secure. There is almost no evidence at present that the "pill" can do this, but moralists have discussed this use of the pill and many are willing to allow it, if it proves feasible. One of these drugs is called *Norlutin* and is produced by Parke, Davis & Co. A similar compound called *Enovid* is produced by G. D. Searle & Co.

Some physicians have begun to recommend these chemical compounds for solely contraceptive purposes. Although, originally, it took a very cautious attitude toward the "contraceptive pill," the Planned Parenthood Association has recently approved one of these pills, *Enovid*. The Searle Company has actually promoted the use of its product as a contraceptive. I am advised that Parke, Davis & Co. has never been interested in this use of its product.

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"From a moral viewpoint, the pills are even more objectionable than ordinary contraceptives"

But what is the morality of using these pills as contraceptives? Whatever advantage these pills may have over ordinary contraceptives from an esthetic standpoint, it must be made clear that, from a moral viewpoint, they are even more objectionable.

When the pills are used as contraceptives, they achieve their purpose not merely by interfering with the normal function of the marriage act, but by suppressing the generative function itself. These steroid drugs are sterilizing agents. And the woman who takes them becomes temporarily sterile.

In 1940, when Adolf Hitler had launched mass sterilization, the Holy See was asked for an explicit statement on the morality of sterilization. The Holy See declared that direct (contraceptive) sterilization of a man or a woman, whether temporary or perpetual, is morally unlawful—bidden by the law of nature. This was a repetition of what Pope Pius XI had already taught in *Casti Connubii*.

The current use of medicine for sterilizing purposes, rather than surgery, raises no new moral problem. When drugs are used to bring about sterility for contraceptive purposes they are just as objectionable as surgical procedures. In a talk September 12, 1958, to a group of blood specialists, Pope Pius XII declared that the use of medicine for contraceptive purposes is morally wrong.

Dr. John Rock, long associated with research on the contraceptive uses of *Enovid*, argues that the use of the drug for this purpose is moral because the drug does exactly what nature does. Nature prevents ovulation during pregnancy and frequently during lactation through the use of hormonal secretions. The new drugs (progestational compounds), he says, do exactly what these natural hormones do. Dr. Rock concludes that therefore the use of these man-made drugs is perfectly natural, and in this respect, they differ from "artificial" contraceptives.

DR. Rock does not seem to appreciate the basic reasons for the Church's opposition to contraception. The Church does not oppose contraception because the ordinary contraceptive is "artificial." She condemns such devices because they interfere with the natural orientation of the marriage act—the very purpose intended by nature and the Creator. When the new steroids are used for contraceptive purposes, they are intended to produce the same interference as that achieved by the external devices—

they do this by making a woman sterile when she would naturally be fertile.

It should be pointed out that the pill is not without its own undesirable side effects. Among those reported are headaches, nausea, vaginal bleeding, loss of libido, etc. The possibility of such side effects calls for caution even when they are used for some legitimate purpose. They should never be taken even for legitimate purposes except under the guidance of a reputable physician.

In Catholic thinking, the only legitimate method of family limitation involves abstinence, at least during the fertile period. Periodic continence, the so-called "rhythm method" is often ridiculed because it is not considered a safe method. It is quite true that the earlier experiences with rhythm were not as successful as one would have desired. But real progress in knowledge and technique has been made over the past thirty years, and there is reason to believe that the expectation of Pius XII that "science will provide this method with a sufficiently secure basis" will be fulfilled. As for the vaunted superiority of the contraceptive method, it is generally admitted that the abortion rate is highest among those who practice contraception. Whether this is due to human failure or mechanical failure, it is certainly a reflection on the security of the contraceptive method.

Even now many gynecologists are reporting success with the rhythm method that compares favorably with the effectiveness claimed for contraceptives. Current methods for detecting the time of ovulation give hope of greater success. What is needed is some simple and reliable method of detecting and predicting ovulation, that is, the fertile period. Catholic theologians would like to urge Dr. Rock and equally competent research scholars to devote their talents to a method of family limitation which all could use without scruple. I believe that Dr. Rock himself thinks that this is feasible. If even some of the tremendous research and investment that is going into the discovery of the "perfect" contraceptive could be diverted into a study to detect and predict the fertile period, progress would be hastened considerably. And making the rhythm method a secure and practical way of family limitation available to all would be an accomplishment hailed by Catholic and non-Catholic alike. It would also go far toward eliminating what has become an explosive issue between Catholics and an increasing number of their non-Catholic brethren.

Heinz
Nordhoff



King of the S

FOR DETROIT'S automakers 1960 will go down in history as the revolutionary year 1 of the Compact-Car Age. But as every auto-lover knows, the age was heralded by the foreign imports, which introduced Americans to a variety of vehicles suggestive of mobile sausages and overgrown scooters. One foreign car that's no freak, though, is West Germany's peppy little Volkswagen: with a 1959 record of 120,000 cars sold in the U.S., it was the pacesetter—for the fourth year running—among imports (second: France's Dauphine). It also hung on to its perennial position as the No. 1 bestseller in West Germany and in dozens of other countries.

The dynamo behind Volkswagen's world-wide success is hustling, sixty-one-year-old Heinz Nordhoff, the company's *generaldirektor* (president). A balding, solidly built man with a soft-spoken manner and amiable smile, Nordhoff runs an automotive empire that is Europe's biggest (and West Germany's fourth largest industrial concern). From the company's main plant in Wolfsburg (pop. 55,000), a town only seven miles from the Iron Curtain, he oversees a complex of four factories in West Germany, six overseas assembly plants, and a total of 45,000 employees. Last year 705,000 Volkswagens rolled off the assembly lines, more than half earmarked for export customers. This year's production goal: 750,000 units.

Widely considered Europe's top production man in the automotive field, Nordhoff has long been a persuasive, no-nonsense spokesman for the small car, which he calls "simple, economical, and dependable transportation." He is staunchly against the "planned obsolescence" that results from yearly styling changes and is quick to heap good-natured scorn on all designers of the fin-and-chrome school. "The important thing to offer most customers," he says, "is a car of high quality but with a low price-tag and good resale value.

This appeals to me much more than being driven by a bunch of hysterical stylists trying to sell people something that they don't really want to have."

Nordhoff has a ready retort for critics who pan Volkswagen's stubby body-styling, basically unchanged from a design made a quarter of a century ago. He merely points to the company's spectacular sales record: over three million of the same Volkswagens sold in a dozen years (400,000 of them in the U.S.). Not only that, but a customer waiting list that still outstrips the company's yearly production hikes.

The story of Volkswagen's success is really the story of Nordhoff's integrity and valor. We must go back for a minute to 1945 to see the scene of wreckage that was Wolfsburg. The immense factory that had turned out military vehicles during the war had been pounded by repeated Allied air raids and left nearly 70 per cent destroyed, a mass of tangled rubble, twisted girders, and smashed machinery. The town itself, though largely spared by the bombing, had the gray, cheerless aspect of a gold rush town—row on row of unpainted wooden barracks fronting on mud-choked streets.

The postwar headache of what to do with the Volkswagen factory fell to the British, since Wolfsburg was in their zone of occupation. At first, in keeping with Allied reparations policy, they tried to dispose of what was left of the bomb-battered plant. This drew a complete blank. British, American, and French automobile manufacturers wanted no part of Volkswagen's equipment; they all considered it a sorry, third-rate vehicle. Even the machinery-hungry Russians, usually all too eager to pounce on anything transportable in Germany, were not tempted.

The British were confronted with a grave, human problem. Thousands of Germans had fled their homes in the Soviet zone and crowded into Wolfsburg's barracks. Existing on a near-starvation level, they hoped to find

work, somehow, in the almost ruined factory. To provide a little employment and ease the local population's suffering, the British first established an army repair depot in part of the plant. Later an assembly line was set up to produce a trickle of military-type Volkswagens.

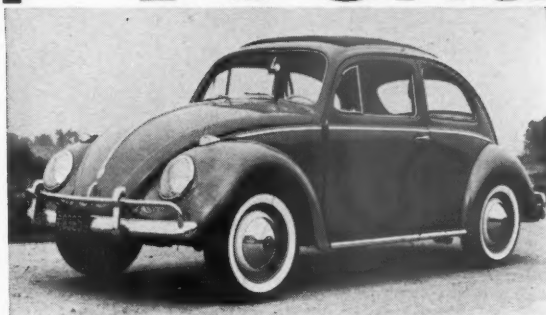
But by 1947, the situation was still bleak. Output was less than 9,000 units yearly—and dropping. If Wolfsburg was to survive, the factory had to get into higher production and begin turning out civilian cars. But it would take a production wizard to accomplish the job. Just then, British officials heard about a top-flight, German engineer who was eking out a living as a mechanic in a Hamburg repair shop. Heinz Nordhoff, then forty-eight, was called in and offered the job of putting Volkswagen on its feet.

UNQUESTIONABLY, Nordhoff had a wealth of experience; he had been an automan all his life. Born in Hildesheim in north-central Germany, he was the second of three sons of a small banker. When the father's bank failed in 1910, the family moved to Berlin, where young Heinz, who already showed a strong engineering bent, later entered a technical school. In World War I, he served as a private (severely wounded in both legs), then returned to Berlin to finish his engineering education.

In 1926, Nordhoff got his first job as a designer with Germany's BMW auto company. Five years later, he was service manager of Opel, an auto firm bought by General Motors. Then came a succession of executive engineering posts that gave him the opportunity to study American production methods in GM's Detroit plants. Personable, fluent in English, Nordhoff impressed GM's top brass with his energy and production ability and was swiftly moved up

e Small-car World

BY
**ROBERT
RIGBY**



The Volkswagen, unchanged in outward style since 1947

the ladder in its German subsidiary. When World War II broke out, he had landed a place on Opel's board of directors and in 1942 he was appointed head of its truck factory in Brandenburg, the biggest in Europe, turning out 4,000 units a month.

In the postwar occupation of Germany, Brandenburg became a part of the Soviet-controlled zone. Like tens of thousands of Germans, Nordhoff decided to leave all his belongings behind and flee westward with his wife and two young daughters. They reached the U.S. zone safely, but their troubles were not over.

Nordhoff had a hard time finding a job—any job. He had never been a member of the Nazi Party, but as a former executive in a company that had produced war equipment, he was forbidden by U.S. occupation statutes from working at anything except manual labor. Even these jobs were scarce. For two years Nordhoff and his family scraped along on loans from friends and occasional work he managed to get as a garage mechanic. Then came the offer from British authorities.

Nordhoff's first and greatest task at Volkswagen was psychological. Before production could be boosted, the factory's despondent employees had to gain some confidence in themselves, some hope for the future. "It was a time when food was terribly scarce, and one cigarette had three times the buying power of one hour's hard work," Nordhoff recalls now. "The employees had to be convinced that there was a future worth working for. It could only be gained by ourselves alone—no one else cared what happened to us. And the only way it could be won was by the hard work of creating something of value."

Soon after his appointment in January, 1948, Nordhoff called a meeting of all employees. His pep talk put some heart into them. The new boss, after all, looked as hungry and emaciated as any of them (Nordhoff was down to 110

pounds—sixty pounds under his normal weight), yet he exuded confidence and energy. There was a stirring message in the words he kept repeating—"Our future begins when we cut every tie with a lost past."

Nordhoff drove himself at a furious pace. He moved a cot into the unheated, rat-infested factory and worked seven days a week. He spent long hours talking to assembly-line workers, boosting their morale and encouraging them to suggest ways of cutting production time and costs. To fill out their skimpy rations, he ordered a daily meal served at factory expense. He scoured the surrounding countryside for old machinery that could be put to use. Night after night he worked late with his engineers, poring over plans for improving the cars—perfecting its brakes and suspension, increasing its horsepower.

THE RESULTS of Nordhoff's feverish activity were not long in coming. At the end of his first year production had doubled. The next year it doubled again, and by 1950, 90,000 cars were being turned out.

Though trained as an engineer, Nordhoff proved to be a live-wire salesman. He hit on the idea of offering a gold watch and an annual banquet to every Volkswagen owner in Germany who was able to drive his car 62,500 miles (100,000 kms.) without major repair. The number of winners grew to such proportions that Nordhoff soon had

to back down on his offer of an annual banquet—no hall in Germany was big enough to accommodate all the winners. But the watch award continues to this day—113,921 have been passed out in West Germany alone.

Plain-spoken in his ideas about what a car should be, Nordhoff is no less so when it comes to employee relations. He is a champion of free enterprise but also a prominent figure in shaping West Germany's postwar "industrial democracy," which has broken down ancient class stratifications and staved off Communism. He refuses to regard labor and management as antagonists.

Volkswagen's employees—one out of five belongs to a union—are among the best-paid in West Germany. The average monthly paycheck is about \$175, high by European standards. But employees tend to look on the company as more than just a place of work, for they themselves elect one-third of the members on the company's board of directors. Furthermore, they have a vital stake in the company's continuing well-being: they share in its annual profits through a bonus plan, based on wage-bracket and seniority, established by Nordhoff. In addition, the employees enjoy a host of social benefits whose expense is borne fully by the company. Among them: health and accident insurance policies, retirement plans, birth and marriage gifts, Christmas bonuses, long-term, no-interest loans for home-building, rest and recreation homes, and death benefits (a lump sum of \$1,000 paid to heirs).

As the only industry in the area,
(Continued on page 70)



In their trim blue jackets and skirts, biology class at Academy of St. Elizabeth search for frogs in campus pond



Kathryn Sweeney, a black-haired, brown-eyed senior, has developed personality and ability through many activities and personal guidance

Young Ladies & Lofty Ideals



Surrounded by candlelight, flowers, and friends, seventeen-year-old Kathryn Sweeney is the picture of girlish poise and culture. The scene is a class dinner at the Academy of St. Elizabeth, Convent, N. J., a 100-year-old prep school for girls conducted by the Sisters of Charity. A senior whose marks are in the high eighties and nineties, Kathryn is one of the 170 resident and day students who benefit from an educational climate in which every teacher knows every student. The school's magnificently landscaped 400-acre campus, providing facilities for tennis, archery, skating, and skiing, is an ideal setting for the high objectives set for every girl: to develop a well-rounded personality, conspicuous uprightness of character, healthful living, intellectual background for college, spiritual strength, culture, and social-mindedness. The standards are high and so are the fees: \$6,000 for four years in residence. Students and parents are screened; business and social references are required before girls are accepted.

PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR THE SIGN
BY ED LETTAU



Kathryn learns tire-changing in driver-training course; many girls own cars

Girls learn the beautiful and practical things of life

A resident student whose home is in Binghamton, N. Y., Kathryn Sweeney came to the Academy of St. Elizabeth in her sophomore year. "I went to public school for my freshman year," she says, "but I felt lost there. Here I feel part of things." She became active in debating, acting, poetry reading, and was elected president of the French Club and vice-president of the athletic association. "Being taught by the Sisters has given me a big outlook," says Kathryn, who hopes to be a medical secretary after college.

With the academy only twenty-six miles from New York, the resident students frequently go into the city for plays, opera, and to visit museums and the UN. A group last year went on a trip to Canada. The girls are obliged to attend Mass one week-day, the student council handles discipline problems, smoking is prohibited, and boys are allowed to come calling only upon invitation to the five special dances each year.

Though there is a strong accent on behavior and appearance in the development of ladylike qualities, the academy is much more than a charm school. It has an especially good reputation in languages. Failing is practically unheard of because if a girl starts to slip academically, she is given all the private tutoring needed.



Kathryn and other Sodalists buy baby clothes for needy family near academy

Comradeship, fun, and new ideas abound in the resident students' bedrooms



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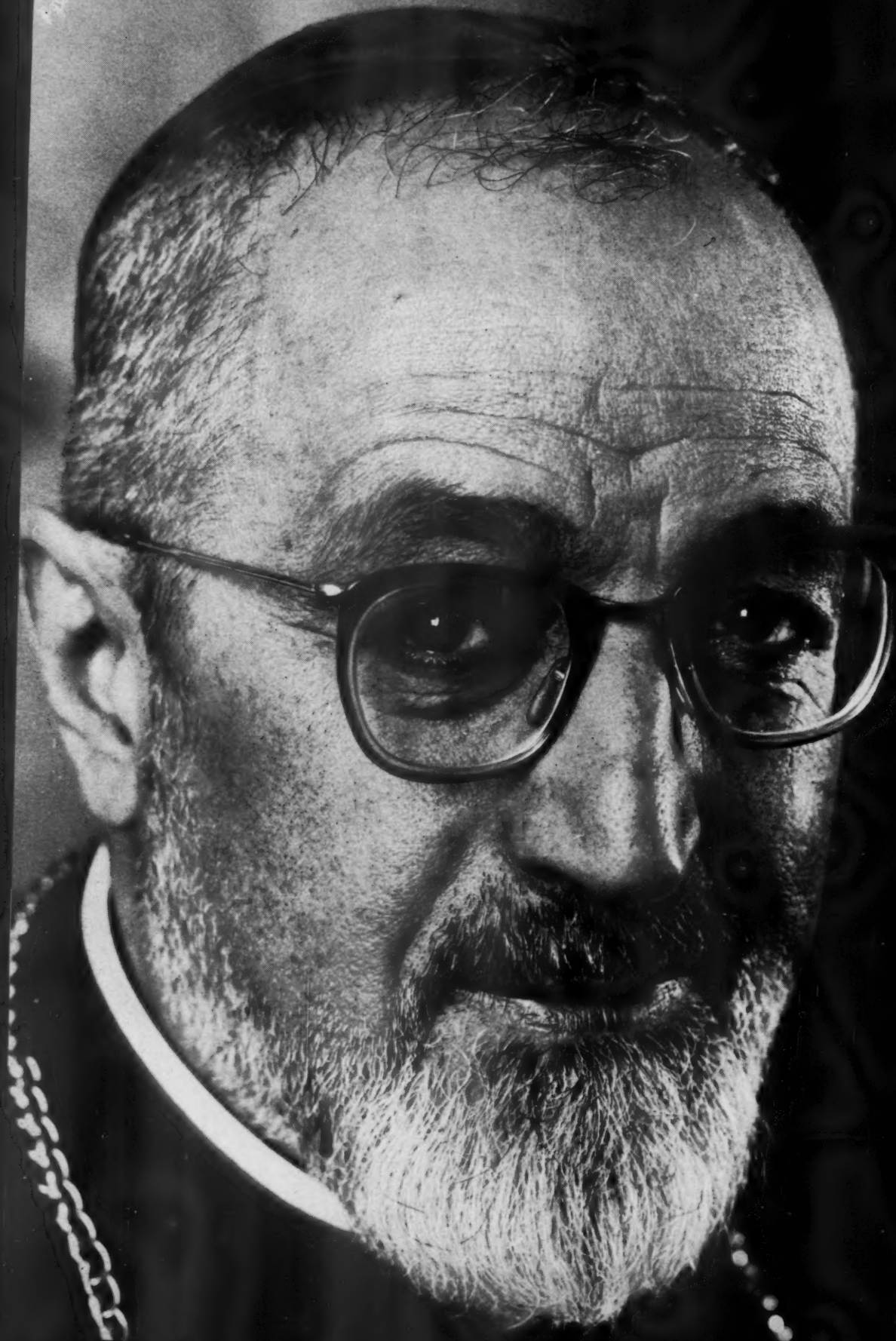
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*Like students everywhere,
Kathryn crams for a test in
school's study hall*

*Dancing in Greek dress
on steps of campus amphitheater
is part of cultural lessons*





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The Gentle Armenian

BY PAUL F. HEALY

CHARLES (Chip) Bohlen, serving as United States ambassador to the Philippines in August, 1959, was introduced at a reception to one of the most picturesque churchmen he had ever seen: a heavily bearded cardinal with penetrating eyes behind the black-rimmed spectacles and the disarmingly unsophisticated manner of an early Christian. The prelate further fascinated the diplomat by addressing him in Russian.

Bohlen, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, delightfully responded in the same language: "I never expected to be talking to a Catholic cardinal in Russian in Manila."

The visitor laughed merrily. Gregoire Pierre XV Cardinal Agagianian (pronounced "ah-gah-jahn-yan") is used to strangers looking him up and down. Almost everything about him is a little unusual. He was born in Russia. He speaks seven languages fluently. He is a globetrotter who travels on a Lebanese passport. He directs the Church's world-wide, missionary activities as Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. And as the Patriarch of 200,000 Armenian Rite Catholics, he symbolizes the unity of East and West in the Church.

In 1958, Cardinal Agagianian was one of four cardinals reported to have the best chance of being elected Pope. Today, sixty-five years old, he is still rated at the very top among the "papabili"—those cardinals regarded as having an excellent chance of one day succeeding Pope John XXIII.

Richard J. Cardinal Cushing of Boston has called Cardinal Agagianian "one of the most brilliant churchmen of modern times and possessor of one of the greatest minds in the history of the Church." Francis Cardinal Spellman, who spent five years in the seminary with Cardinal Agagianian in Rome, recalls him as a "brilliant, scholarly leader among all the seminarians there." When the Armenian cardinal visited the United States last May, Cardinal Spellman said he and other American churchmen were impressed most of all with his affability and his understanding of the American mentality. It is this special knack of making friends quickly that has made him one of the most popular cardinals.

When I enjoyed a rare, private interview with the cardinal in Washington, D.C., last May, I was interested that so intellectual a man could radiate so charming a simplicity. Madison Avenue would call it "the soft sell." One observer who has been a traveling companion of the cardinal sums him up as being "a strong personality, gently expressed." He exudes a combination of modesty and wisdom.

Cardinal Agagianian is five feet, nine inches tall but seems shorter because of his habit of bending graciously toward his visitor with a warm smile. He has a slender frame, but there is a wiry toughness about it that is said

to need little rest and relaxation. His beard—a characteristic of the bishops of the Eastern Rite—is streaked with gray but looks neater than it does in photographs. When I asked him about its significance, he laughed and dismissed it as "an accidental thing—of no importance."

The cardinal was born a Russian subject on September 18, 1895, at Akhaltsikhe, a small village in the province of Tiflis in Georgia, near the Turkish border. His mother tongue was Armenian.

"My father, who had been engaged in various small businesses, died when I was five years old, so I never knew him," he said. He has one brother, Peter, a telegraph operator, and a sister Elizabeth in the Soviet Union.

According to a biographical sketch, the boy was christened Lazarus and showed intellectual gifts early. At eleven, he wanted to be a priest. His pastor sent him to the Urban College of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. There he became the subject of a prophecy by Pope St. Pius X.

One day, Father Fernando Cento, a staff member at the college, was leading a group of new students to a papal audience. Father Cento, who is now Apostolic Nuncio to Portugal, pointed to the young Armenian boy and told the Holy Father he would have to send him home because of his tender age.

At the end of the audience, the saintly Pope motioned the priest aside and said, "Tell the cardinal (in charge of the college) to keep the Armenian boy, for he will render great service to the Church." Later, the Pope reportedly foretold to the young Armenian student that he would become "a priest, a bishop, and a patriarch."

CARDINAL AGAGIANIAN is reluctant to discuss these incidents. He told me there was no truth at all in some legendary anecdotes which have been printed. Whenever I referred to some wildly inaccurate statement written about him, he looked momentarily dismayed, then threw up his hands, shook his head and slapped his knee in chuckling disbelief.

Ordained in Rome in 1917, he obtained degrees in philosophy, sacred theology, and canon law and served as faculty member of the Pontifical seminary.

Back in Russia, the young Father Agagianian took over as pastor of the Armenian Catholics in Tiflis. He found the province torn by the Bolshevik revolution. Legend has it that he was introduced to an elderly, Georgian woman who told him sadly, "My son, too, once studied for the priesthood." She was supposedly the mother of Joseph Vissari Novich Dzhugashvili, who became better known as Stalin. It is true that Stalin was born in the same region and attended an Orthodox seminary. But the cardinal denies that, to his knowledge, he ever met the mother of Stalin or—according to another apochryphal story—Stalin himself. However, he did study closely the career of his

Cardinal Agagianian, symbol of East-West unity

PHOTO BY JACQUES LOWE

infamous fellow Georgian and has become one of the most knowledgeable members of the hierarchy in this field.

In February, 1921, the Bolshevik Army began a six months' occupation of Tiflis and Father Agagianian adjusted himself to the domination of the swaggering atheists. Asked if the Reds "confined" him, he replied with a wave of his hand, "No, they had many other things to do."

The priest was recalled to Rome and named assistant rector of the Armenian Pontifical College in late 1921 and eventually became its rector. He became prolific in Latin and Hebrew. His Italian acquired a marked Roman accent, which is the delight of the congregations who listen to his crude and graceful sermons in Rome. He also speaks French besides Russian, English, and Armenian. His English is excellent, betraying an unidentifiable accent that probably owes something to all his other languages. He has a reading knowledge of Arabic.

During his fourteen-year stretch in Rome, Father Agagianian was useful as an authority on Oriental canon law and taught scores of seminarians from the United States at the College of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. Seventeen of his former American students have since become bishops.

WHEN HE began teaching at the college, he feared he might not command sufficient respect because of his youthful appearance. To cultivate a mature look, he "nursed along every hair" on his fast-growing black beard.

It has been said—by Americans—that the Armenian's mingling with a constant stream of young students from the United States developed in him an American sense of humor. A serious person on a serious mission, he nonetheless has a light approach to life. He is not witty, for there is no sting in his humor, but sometimes it has a gentle kind of slyness. For example, when he became a cardinal, he was asked how it felt to exchange "His Beatitude," the form of address for an Eastern archbishop, for "His Eminence."

"Well," he replied with a twinkle, "It is better to be blessed than eminent." The prelate has immense dignity, with animation.

He was consecrated a bishop in 1935, taking up residence in Syria, which later gave him its highest award. He was elected Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians at Beirut in 1937. The Armenian group is one of nine Eastern churches which differ in liturgy but not in doctrine from Latin Rite Catholics. The new patriarch took the name of Gregoire Pierre—Gregory for St. Gregory the illuminator, apostle of Armenia, and Pierre (Peter) in honor of the first Pope.

The Red Hat was bestowed on him in 1946. As a cardinal, he continued to administer the affairs of the Armenians, shuttling between Rome and his residence at Beirut. In June, 1958, another shift caused him to give up, at least while traveling, the fez-like, stovepipe headgear of the Oriental patriarch in favor of a simple biretta. Pope Pius XII appointed him pro-prefect—in effect, executive head—of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The late Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago had been named to the post but died in Rome before he could take over. Cardinal Agagianian became Prefect last July upon the death of Cardinal Biondi.

The Congregation is a ministry of the Holy See which was set up in 1622 to meet the growing needs of an expanding Church. As overseer of all Catholic missions, its jurisdiction includes thirty-one million Catholics and three million catechumens.

Cardinal Agagianian and his twenty-seven man staff occupy a block-long, remodeled, Renaissance palace in the famous

Piazza de Spagna section of Rome. Though a half-hour walk from the Vatican, the palace enjoys the same extraterritoriality. The cardinal is unusually accessible in the one-time "throne room" which is his office. He devotes the morning to talking with missionaries and other visitors then works on his reports and correspondence while the Romans are taking their siestas in the afternoon.

The cardinal is impressed with the reports from far-away outposts which flow across his desk daily. "These messages are very, very edifying and inspiring," he says. "And when I am out in the field visiting these missionaries, I am terribly impressed not only with their dedication to work but with their joyfulness. They never seem downhearted."

The main problem in spreading the Faith, he told me, is the need for more priests, more sisters, and more educational institutions.

On October 17, 1958, Pope Pius XII died. During the following week, Agagianian and the other fifty-three cardinals gathered in the Vatican to elect a successor. Only seventeen were Italian, but every Pope since the Renaissance has been an Italian. Cardinal Agagianian was always the first to be mentioned in the informed speculation about the chances of electing a non-Italian this time.

For example, it was noted that the Armenians, having served in Rome most of his life, was acceptable even to the conservatives in the Curia—the fourteen cardinals who reside permanently in Rome and run the Church's central administration. Looking at the situation from a political angle, the independent weekly *Epoca* said that "Agagianian seems to reconcile the various tendencies and demands. In Italy, he is a 'foreigner' at home; he is a linguist, an expert on the East, and was highly esteemed by Pius XII." His first-hand knowledge of Russian Communism also counted in his favor.

However, others familiar with the Curia's viewpoint believed it was still too soon to elect a non-Italian Pope. They pointed out that, whereas Pius XII had achieved the internationalization of the Sacred College by naming more non-Italians than Italians, it was still necessary to internationalize the Curia by appointing non-Italian prelates to key posts.

The fifty-one cardinals—three died before the election began—voted four times without reaching a decision at the end of the first day. This was interpreted as meaning that the selection had narrowed to these four favorites: Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli, seventy-six-year-old Patriarch of Venice; Valerio Cardinal Valeri, seventy-four-year-old pro-prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Religious; Benedetto Cardinal Aloisi Masella, seventy-six-year-old Camerlengo, or chamberlain; and Agagianian. On the third day, after eleven ballots had been cast in all, a spiral of white smoke drifted from the chimney of the conclave—Cardinal Roncalli was the 262nd Pontiff.

FEW CARDINALS have seen as much of the world as Agagianian. In 1954, he became the first Prince of the Church to visit Iran. In 1959, he became the first man in his post to visit the Far Eastern missions.

At his first stop on this 11,000-mile journey, he presided over South Viet Nam's first Marian Congress in Saigon. The 1,150,000 South Viet Nam Catholics are an infinitesimal minority but are the best-organized religious group in a country dominated by strife-torn Buddhists. As he moved coolly through the burning heat in his scarlet robes, the bearded cardinal was a symbol for the entire nation. Thousands of non-Catholics lined the flag-bedecked streets as he passed, and thousands of Catholics gathered around the city's
(Continued on page 71)

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THE BEAUTY OF COMPASSION

A few ideas for
teaching children
how to share in
others' hardships

By JOY MARIE HOAG

■ The man with the lame foot came limping slowly past our front porch. In his wake came three small boys, not much older than six or seven, each of them laughingly trying to imitate the halting walk ahead of them.

I looked at my two little girls, aged four and three, absorbed in trying to print their names, and at my seven-month-old son, bouncing happily in his chair, and wondered what I could possibly do to keep them from becoming so indifferent to another's hurt.

The world needs compassion so badly today. Our race relations are in a muddle because the white person has no compassionate understanding of the humiliation, the hardships, endured by his Negro neighbor. Husbands and wives go their separate ways unwilling to share each other's burdens, to bear with each other the ordinary stress of human living. We hear of countless cases where elderly parents are neglected by unfeeling children and read of instances where old or afflicted people were attacked by callous young people "just for a thrill."

Such barbaric instincts are part of our human nature, and only true compassion can quell them. But what is this hard-to-acquire, but so necessary, virtue? I once saw sympathy beautifully defined as "your pain in my heart."

True compassion is not the condescension of pity nor is it gushy sentimentality. It is strong and realistic. The very word "compassion" denotes a "suffering with," an "active sharing" of, another's misery.

One night a few years ago, I attended a meeting at Caritas House in New Orleans. (Caritas is the name for a Catholic parish lay group.) The occupants of the House, a handful of white women, had given up every luxury to live in one of the poorest Negro sections and help those around them.

I remember asking the Caritas director, Dr. Bertha Mugrauer, why she had felt such an extreme move necessary. "We felt we could do more good for these people," she explained, "if we actually became part of them, if we felt the same hunger, the same hardships."

Perhaps compassion is dying because we're surrounded by charitable organizations and institutions which dispense our charity while sparing us the trouble and tears of compassion. Instead of giving to the needy face-to-face, we drop cold cash in an organization's box or envelope and go our way feeling our duty fulfilled. But our hearts have not been touched.

It will be especially hard for children to buck the crowd that admires strength and sophistication more than

tenderness and compassion. But we can help them to do it. Here are a few ways to rear compassionate children:

► No matter how tempted we might be, we should not blindfold our youngsters from the sight of hardship.

One mother told me recently that she refused to let her twelve-year-old daughter go along with other members of her Sodality to deliver a Thanksgiving basket to a needy family.

"Youth should be a time for fun," she said. "Why bring my little girl face-to-face with poverty and the harder side of life, when it's not necessary?" The opposite viewpoint is held by author Mary Reed Newland, mother of seven. If we want to teach our children that Christmas is not all toys, tinsel, and trees, she suggests we take them on a field trip to a barn in the country. After smelling the unpleasant odors there and feeling the discomfort and cold that the Infant Jesus must have experienced that first Christmas night, they'll come away with a new, compassionate understanding of the facts of Christ's birth.

► We should encourage our children to place others' hurts above their own. Whisper to them how nice it would be if they went over and talked with the timid little girl who's being ignored at the neighborhood party. Remind them of how they would feel in the place of the boy who's made fun of because of the odd way he speaks.

► We should impress our youngsters with the fact that those who give compassion usually receive it right back. If they're understanding and sympathetic to another's problems, they'll get that same sympathy and understanding when they most need it.

It is this "feeling for another" that brings success in every human relationship: between husband and wife, parent and child, employer and worker, and so on.

► Parental example is still a better teacher than a lecture, so we should try to show more compassion in our own actions. Maybe the neighbor with arthritis would like her garden weeded one day or the young mother expecting her fourth child could use someone to do her grocery shopping one week.

► All children love stories. They might like to hear of famous, compassionate people like Lincoln, who, upon seeing even a bird fall from its nest, could not continue on his journey until he had replaced it; of young Dr. Tom Dooley, who continues his medical aid to the people of remote Laos despite his own illness of cancer; of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who gave up fame and fortune to share the plight of the Congo natives for the rest of his life.



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New sights and sounds in Japan

Radio and TV, books and periodicals, information center and library—every form of modern communications is used by an enterprising Maryknoll missionary in Japan to spread the Gospel. Father James F. Hyatt, of Seattle, Wash., launched the Good Shepherd Movement in 1953 in the city of Kyoto to influence the pagan population and inspire Catholics to greater apostolic efforts. The effect of the movement has spread through Japan—with countless Japanese tuning in to religious programs, daily on radio and monthly on TV, reading a monthly newspaper, a magazine, dozens of pamphlets and book translations, learning catechism by correspondence, and stopping in at the Good Shepherd headquarters. The headquarters, located on a busy street in Kyoto, contains presses, auditorium, and a combined Catholic information center, book store, and lending library. Mass communications play a vital role in the life of Japan, which has the world's highest literacy rate. "Few modern advances have affected missionaries as communications," says Father Hyatt.



■ Left, one of the Good Shepherd Movement's many methods of bringing the Church to the Japanese is slide films, projected here for bus passengers

■ Above, Father James F. Hyatt listens as cast broadcasts daily radio program, which is usually a dramatization, based on news story, with a moral

■ Right, radio stations shifted the program to a favorable listening time when it proved its popularity. Here, a Japanese family listen in their home

A SIGN
PICTURE STORY
PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU



■ Left, books and pleasant personnel attract the public to Good Shepherd center

■ Right, strange religious objects are explained to a little girl by Father Hyatt

■ Far right, the center's pressroom produces periodicals and many pamphlets

■ Below, telephone operators in the center's auditorium, available to public

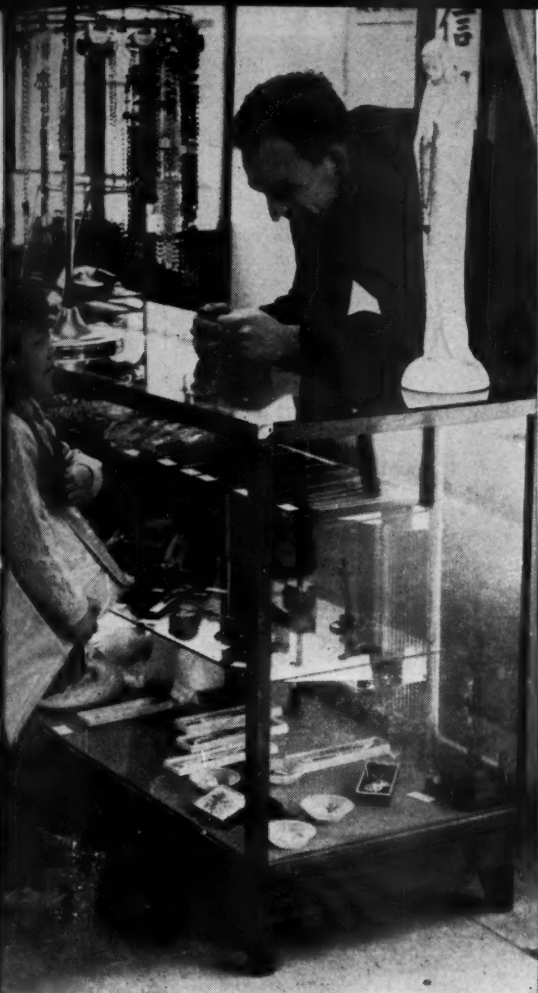


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*"A missionary can teach only a small number
face to face but millions by communications"*

Father Hyatt's first success in the Good Shepherd Movement was a five-minute radio program, *Light of the Heart*, now heard on many Japanese stations. The religious approach in the program and the publications which followed it is distinctly "soft sell." The program, built around a current story in the news, opens with Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, chosen as the theme music, relates Father Hyatt, to attract those who would otherwise be frightened away by a strictly religious show. "We strive to make listeners realize that the Church provides solutions for their problems," the priest adds. "We hope in this way to dispel the numerous prejudices against the Church in Japan." The public is invited to write or come to the Good Shepherd headquarters or just take part in the movement's crusade for morality. Those who show an interest in Catholicism take a correspondence course or come to Father Hyatt's instruction classes. The Good Shepherd Movement also sponsors English classes, concerts, and lessons in traditional Japanese dances. Maintaining such a wide range of activities is expensive and laborious but of proven value because millions of Japanese are hearing of Christ for the first time.



Though perhaps not to stay, "sick" humor is here. At first glance, it appears to be something for a psychologist's office. It survived its introduction in the night clubs, whose patrons, being more avant or cool than the rest of us, lean to the unorthodox. Now exponents of the "sick" school are delivering themselves of a filtered brand of their comedy on television. Some of these new comedians are not as sick as they are satirical—hurling their witty thrusts with calculated abandon. Their disrespect for some of our established customs, institutions, and personalities is intriguing.

First, humor that's really "sick" is irreverent, sardonic, and often grim; it may use deformity, suffering, or even death as the nucleus of a joke. It has become quite popular among the younger set. Stories about unfortunate moppets with two heads or about Lincoln's widow being asked, "But how did you enjoy the show, Mrs. Lincoln?" have had a lively vogue in high school and college circles.

Some analysts of this new school of humor regard it as symbolic of the uncertain times in which we live. In a world under the somber shadow of a mushroom cloud, topics that were once considered too morbid or depressing for open discussion now have lost their shock value. Ghoulish stories are symbols of defiance in an age of uncertainty.

Button-down Newhart. Bob Newhart is the latest comic to achieve national recognition. Unknown a few months ago, he won attention in April when Warner Brothers Records released a disk called *The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart*. Recorded during his first night club job, it sold more than 200,000 copies in three months.

The success of this record brought Newhart to the attention of television producers. And soon he had made appearances with Jack Paar, Garry Moore, David Susskind, and on the "Emmy" awards program. Many viewers were delighted by the satire of this young man (he recently became thirty-one) whose quiet, diffident delivery seemed to belie the ironic style of his wit.

A graduate of Loyola University in Chicago and an Army veteran, Newhart is funniest when he exposes the foibles of the modern world of communications, public relations, and exploitation. His material loses something when transferred to print, for his guileless delivery adds a great deal to the effect of his comedy ideas.

In one of his monologues, a television director is staging a camera rehearsal for the arrival in the U. S. of an aircraft bearing Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev.

In characteristic television industry style, the director, talking over an intercom system to one of his aides near the plane, seeks to help him in identifying the Soviet chief as he makes his first appearance.

Newhart quotes the director as saying in a bored tone of voice: "The fact sheet I got says he should be a short, fat guy in a gray suit." Then there is a pause and the director, after listening to his assistant, says, "Looks like he slept in it? That's him."

A moment later, the director, glimpsing Khrush-

Just a little "SICK"



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chev's shiny pate on the television monitor, observes "Make a note, Jer. We're going to have to spray his head." As the visitor leaves the plane to be greeted by a handshake from President Eisenhower, the director barks: "Somebody cue Ike. Somebody take the putter from Ike."

The masterpiece of Bob Newhart's repertoire is his conception of what might have happened just before Gettysburg if President Lincoln had the services of modern Madison Avenue agency men. This selection is in the form of a telephone conversation from a public relations expert to the president. In a recital studded with some choice examples from the jargon of the gray flannel world, the opening salutation is, "Hi, Abe, Sweetheart!" When the president indicates that he is dissatisfied with the speech that his ghost writers have prepared for him and wants to change "Fourscore and seven years ago" to "eighty-seven years ago," the agency man pleads:

"Abe, we test-marketed that and they went out of their minds." Then he tells Lincoln that if fourscore and seven is changed, it will be "like Mark Antony saying, 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, I've got something to tell you.'" Concluding his plea, the adviser says, "Abe, do the speech the way Charlie wrote it. Will you? The Inaugural Address swung, didn't it?"

There is a "sick" touch at the end of this monologue when the publicist suggests that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln "take in a show." But, for the most part, Newhart's humor is not at all grim. It is, in fact, remarkably funny and perceptive in its exposure of so much that is false and shallow in contemporary civilization. The Newhart recording, although made in a night club, does not contain a single off-color remark.

Nichols and May. Mike Nichols and Elaine May also are gifted satirists who have won a big following through their work in television, radio, and night clubs. Nichols is a twenty-nine-year-old native of Berlin, where his father was a physician. The family fled the Nazis and came to New York in 1939. He met Miss May, a Philadelphian, when both of them were students at the University of Chicago. Nichols is married to Patricia Scot, a singer.



New school of successful comedians:
Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Bob
Newhart, Shelley Berman,
Jonathan Winters, Mort Sahl

Some of the subjects of their comedy are victims of the stresses of modern living. Most of their material is not learned by rote. Their dialogue changes from one show to the next and sometimes, given suggestions by members of the audience, they can improvise funny situations.

In one of Miss May's caricatures, she portrays a dim-witted, glib starlet being interviewed by a disk jockey. When the subject of Albert Schweitzer is introduced, she loses none of her poise, but says to her interviewer, "Jack, I think you know that I think Al is just a great guy. I personally have never dated him."

Nichols does a hilarious impression of a frustrated man trying to make sense to an unruffled telephone operator (Miss May). They also have devised an intriguing sketch about a young British woman who falls in love with her dentist. As he works on her teeth, he softly proclaims his affection for her and then adds: "Let's not talk about it for just a moment. Rinse out, please."

Mort Sahl's Politics. Mort Sahl is the most controversial of the entertainers under review here. This brash, thirty-three-year-old native of Montreal specializes in political jibes. There is no quicker way to antagonize some members of the audience, and Sahl is despised by many who have heard him.

His thrusts at prominent statesmen are made without concern for party affiliations. He has made Vice President Nixon, Senator John F. Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller the targets of his barbs. Of the wealthy Rockefeller, he once said: "He is promising that if elected, he will give the kids Little League polo."

Soon after the crisis over integrating the schools in Little Rock, Ark., developed, Sahl announced, "I like Orval Faubus but I wouldn't want him to marry my sister."

Sahl's contributions to television have been infrequent, probably not due so much to his political quips as to the rather obscure nature of some of his comedy. In a night club, such as San Francisco's *hungry i-*, where he got his start, Sahl may say of

someone, "his trouble is that he can't relate to people." This quasi-psychiatric jargon appeals to a coterie of Sahl admirers. It leaves others cold and hostile.

But Sahl, now credited with a gross annual income of more than \$300,000, carries on, tieless, wearing a sweater and carrying a rolled-up newspaper as he performs. He is not really a "sick comedian," but he induces something akin to sickness in those who are not with him.

Berman and Winters. Shelley Berman is best known, perhaps, for his devastating commentary on air travel. During this monologue, he recounts some of the fears that the average air passenger experiences but never admits when he boards a plane.

His satirical treatment of air line stewardesses (he calls them stewardi and maintains that they respond to all crises by saying "coffee, tea, or milk?") and his impersonation of a confused pilot who doesn't seem to be too sure of his destination, are fine, sardonic fun.

Like the others mentioned above, Jonathan Winters is a "stand-up" comedian who works alone and does not depend on costumes or props for effect. Unlike them, he achieves a great deal through his mobile, chubby features and his built-in vocal sound effects.

There are threads of "sick" humor in Winters' material but they are infrequent. Most of his comedy is wholesome, original, and funny. At one time he had his own weekly television show on NBC. But, like many others, he found that the requirements were too stringent. It was impossible to provide enough funny and fresh material every seven days.

For all of these recently arrived comedians, television appearances have to be spaced carefully. The old days, when Milton Berle could appear on camera week after week, wearing outrageous costumes and indulging in rowdy nonsense, have gone. The newer breed of entertainers may not be to everyone's taste. They may lapse occasionally into "sick" jokes. But their comedy has a point of view and a bite to it. Sometimes it even makes the audience think.

The Sign's People of the Month



Mrs. Mary Varick, foreground, with the members of her First Saturday Club

JACQUES LOWE

Wheelchair leader

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■ The pilgrimages for the handicapped that Mrs. Mary Varick leads to the shrines of Canada have a way of telling the world that suffering is a privilege. "My own life," says Mrs. Varick, a paralytic since infancy, "has been incredibly happy." She first went to St. Anne de Beaupré as the mother of four growing children in 1951, the year she was supposed to have died of cancer. Doctors told her that the six months she had left would probably be shortened if she attempted the long, painful auto trip from her home in Jersey City, N. J. At the shrine, she pleaded "not for a miracle but for just a little more time for my children." When she returned home, the pain had gone and doctors confirmed all traces of cancer had disappeared. At first she organized pilgrimages simply out of gratitude (she has returned to St. Anne's seventeen times), but gradually her work took on extra meaning: "I don't bring the disabled on pilgrimages to look for cures but for the strength to recognize their special vocation. It was through suffering that God redeemed the world." ■ The usual kind of tourist pilgrimage rejects the handicapped as too slow and risky. "But they *most* belong there," says Mrs. Varick. In 1958, she experimentally included nine handicapped persons in a bus pilgrimage to St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, Cap de la Madeleine shrine, and St. Anne's. Her husband Bill drove, contributing his driver's pay for the hire of wheelchairs. At the shrines, the disabled were accorded places of honor. On Assumption day last year, she filled two Pullman specials with blind, lame, and sickly, and for the departure ceremony, Francis Cardinal Spellman permitted the first Mass ever to be offered in Grand Central Station. At terminal cities along the route, policemen and ambulance drivers gently relayed the wheelchairs and stretchers as the most precious of cargo. The New York Central sidetracked a mainliner for twenty minutes so the pilgrims could stop for a special blessing. ■ In August this year, Mrs. Varick chartered two planes to shorten the thousand miles of confinement for her infirm troupe. It all costs money, of course, but Mrs. Varick doesn't know how to say "no" to a blind nun, a paraplegic veteran, a priest disfigured in a laboratory blast, a little boy with multiple sclerosis, a slip of a sick Negro girl. She organized the First Saturday Club to raise funds with dances and card parties, but the proceeds are not always enough. For the 1959 rail trip, the Varicks signed a second mortgage on their house. Mary Varick flashes sheer faith like a credit card: when one pilgrimage sank \$1,200 into the red, she asked St. Anne "if that means your Grandson is getting tired of constantly turning things upside down just for us." Back home, the mail brought the answer: a special blessing from Pope John XXIII and three big cash gifts. The club also organizes a monthly Mass for shut-ins in the New York-New Jersey area. These get-togethers also provide a salutary experience for able-bodied helpers. "Well people need to be in the presence of suffering," says Mrs. Varick. And now, to her way of thinking, God is giving another privilege to her: she is going blind. As darkness closes in, she glows in anticipation: "There's something beautiful about it; I will belong to the blind, too."

There's no such thing as a routine assignment for Charlie Higgins, award-winning photographer for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. One day while photographing the Sacred Heart Manor, a home for the aged, he spied a Carmelite nun on a ladder, trying to do a carpentry job. Higgins took over the job, and before he left, the idea for a fund-raising auxiliary was born. Higgins and his wife Anna gathered a group around them and now hold monthly dinners and periodic raffles, festivals, and parties for the benefit of the Manor. Higgins knows how to publicize these events through his newspaper "connections," —a talent he has also exercised to obtain entertainers for shows at a children's home. In action as a newspaper photographer (no occupation for the timid or slow-of-foot), Higgins gives no indication that he is a cripple—his right leg was amputated through an accident at the age of nine. In fact, he has been observed shooting pictures while hanging out of a plane and with a burning wall crumbling beside him. He has also been a racing driver, airplane wing-walker, and stunt man at county fairs. A battler for the public's right to the news, Higgins is credited with bringing about better relations between newspapermen and policemen through seminars he originated at the Philadelphia Police Academy. Many other U.S. cities have followed the lead of this hardcrusted photographer with a gentle heart.

Shooting life

Photographer Charlie Higgins: no routine



For love or money? Why had Lila Parrish made her choice? And, was she right?

Tears before the Wedding

The other day I attended the wedding of a friend here in New York and in some strange way, suddenly in the very middle of the ceremony, I found myself thinking of Lila Sayres back home in Altavista. I had not thought of Mrs. Sayres in many a day and then, all at once, there she was, sharp as a television image in the mind's eye, sitting in her window above the front porch of my mother's boarding house all those long-ago years of my youth, crying her heart out the night before the day of her wedding. I couldn't have been more than ten at the time, and I wondered why in the world pretty, young Lila Parrish (that was her name then), who had boarded with us that summer, was weeping so bitterly on the eve of her wedding to Russell Sayres, who was such a prominent man in town and real well-fixed, everyone said. It was a small, Southern town we lived in, and people gave a



by Robert Earle Haynie

It was the eve
of her
wedding—
and I wondered
why she
was crying her
heart out



great deal of thought as to whether or not a young lady married well. Now Lila Parrish came from the country, actually, and was not a town girl at all—her folks lived over in Yancey County and she was distantly related to us on my father's side—and when she had finished her course at the old Altavista Normal and Training School, where she had worked her way by helping out in the kitchen, she got a job keeping books for Sawyer's Produce Company down on South Market Street, until the fall term opened at the country school where she was going to teach.

LILA WAS a friendly girl and, while she didn't get invited to a lot of the town's fancier parties and socials (not being a member of the old families that ran such affairs in those days), she did attract the attention of the boys. There was one in particular, Lenny Elson, who worked for Mr. Bates down at the drugstore.

Lenny was much taken with Lila and came courting every Saturday night. They went to the band concerts and free dances down at Riverside Park together, as Lenny didn't make much money. Lenny was a handsome boy, though, blond and tan skinned and well built, and I heard Mama say one time that, though she didn't really think Lila ought to be running around with Lenny Elson so much, she could partly understand her head being turned by his good looks. Looks wasn't everything in life, though, Mama added, not by a long shot, and she figured Lila was too practical a girl to go up and marry a boy like that who had been out of high school two years and still hardly made enough to support himself.

I know Mama was much pleased when Lila came home from work one evening and, at dinner table, surprised us all by saying she was being taken to a ball at Laurel Park Inn, where only the best people went, and was being escorted by none other than Russell Sayres, the town's most prominent realtor. I remember I spoke up and said, "Why, Lila, he's old enough to be your father!" And Mama shushed me and said, "Mr. Sayres is a fine man, and a good man, and I'm sure, Lila, it's perfectly wonderful that you have such a gentleman interested in you."

Lila just laughed and said, "Well, Russell Sayres is taking this little country girl to a real ball, and I wouldn't much care if he was old enough to be my granddaddy!"

Later that evening, I heard Lila singing in her bedroom, which was right next to mine, and when I went down in the yard to chase lightning bugs, I could see her up there waltzing around

in her room in her pink, tulle dress, whistling "After The Ball."

And then, later on, I overheard her on the telephone in the hall, talking to Lenny, and it was pretty clear to me that she was planning to meet Lenny after Mr. Sayres brought her home that night. Lila was having her cake and eating it too, I thought, and I didn't much blame her. Mr. Sayres was an old fogey!

But many an obstacle falls across the paths of young lovers before they find themselves meeting at the altar. My Aunt Rhoda said she was sure positive that Lila would be married and working to support Lenny Elson as well as herself before the summer was out, that she knew those two lovebirds were just meant for each other. "My, don't they look nice together," people said in those days.

Sometimes when we sat out there on the porch that summer and Mama and Papa talked about the boarders, they would speak of Lila and Lenny, and I heard Papa tell Mama that Mr. Bates was watching Lenny closely down at the drugstore because there had been some money taken from the cash register, oh, not much, just dibs and dabs, but that he knew Lenny was slipping out change here and there, or else how could he be spending so much entertaining Lila? You see, after that dance Lila went to with Russell Sayres, Mr. Sayres had been taking her out more and more, and the fancier he got, the more Lenny felt he had to do, and so he began bringing presents when he came Saturday nights—candy in little miniature cedar chests and flowers and just making a fool of himself, really.

I personally liked Lenny and couldn't understand why he had to put on such a show for Lila. If she loved him, why didn't she marry him? I guess I was too young to understand a lot of things. Lila's people were very poor; her mother had died when she was just a girl, and there were younger brothers and sisters still left at home for the father to raise, and him just barely making a living from his crossroads store, and their burdens did weigh Lila down. I came to know later, of course, that that summer was to her a sort of last fling and, though most everyone thought she was madly in love with Lenny Elson, it was right in the middle of the Labor Day picnic down at Riverside Park that Russell Sayres announced his betrothal to Lila Parrish.

I just couldn't get over it, a young girl like that marrying a plain-faced, stout, little man so much older than herself, even if he were well-off. It was plain she was doing it for the material comforts she knew he could bring her,

and I heard Mama say Mr. Sayres was sure to take a load off Lila's mind by helping out her family.

I went down to the drugstore about that time and watched Lenny behind the soda fountain. He was still smiling and joking with the college crowd, but now and then a sort of sad look came over his face, and knowing Lila had made him awful unhappy, I wondered again how she could do such a thing, wrecking both their lives by marrying for money.

And then that night when I was out on the porch by myself in the swing, while Mama and Aunt Rhoda were inside sewing on Lila's wedding dress, I heard somebody crying, and I shinned up the front porch post and peeked over the drainpipe. Lila was up there sitting in her window, her head pressed against the hard wooden sill, crying like her heart would break. But I knew why she was crying, and it made me sad for weeks afterward, just thinking about it.

Time heals all wounds, they say. Well, whether it did much healing or not, it did fly past us, and Lila and Mr. Sayres took a trip to California, which seemed about the end of the earth in those days, and when they came back she seemed like a completely different person: older, quieter, and before long nobody called her Lila anymore. They all spoke of her as Mrs. Sayres; she had grown that dignified. Mr. Sayres helped out her people, we knew that, and it wasn't more than six months later that he sold his business here and he and Lila moved to Florida to live. The doctors said the sun would help his arthritis.

AS FOR Lenny, he quit the drugstore before the Sayres came back from their honeymoon and up and enlisted in the Navy. Some of the women said it was just as well, that they were sure he would never have amounted to much after Lila threw him over. But I saw him one time when he was home on leave: he was tall and strong and better-looking than ever. I wondered what Lila would think if she ever saw him again.

But as I say, that didn't happen, because the Sayres moved away. Lenny's people either died out or left town, and nobody seemed to know much about him, though someone did say they heard he had done real well for himself in the restaurant business farther south.

I knew Mr. Sayres had prospered in Florida real estate, but I was not to see Lila again for many years afterward, when I had written my first book, one which hadn't sold too well but gathered enough favorable critical comment to secure me a small lecture tour of

Southern women's clubs. My schedule had taken me to St. Petersburg, Florida; and I was addressing a group at a large, fashionable hotel.

On the morning of my lecture, while crossing the lobby I was stopped by a rather tall, distinguished woman of about fifty-five, very well-dressed and gracious of manner. She inquired of me if I were not the author speaking to her club that afternoon, and when I replied in the affirmative, she identified herself as Mrs. Lila Sayres. Since nearly thirty years had passed, there seemed no resemblance whatsoever to the girl I had thought so lovely in my youth, but she claimed she remembered me well, had read my book, and wanted to chat with me.

W E WITHDREW TO a lounge off the main lobby and, after we had laughed over the old days at home, I found myself dying to ask her the question which had remained stuck in my mind all those years: how had her life been with Mr. Sayres, since she had obviously married for money and position? Had she been happy? Had it been worth it?

It took me a bit of diplomatic conversation to edge into the subject, but once it was in the open, there was no hesitancy at all in her reply. She settled back in a wicker armchair and gazed at me with steadfast, sharp eyes.

"My dear young man," she began, "what some people do not understand about love would fill volumes! To begin with, how could anyone have been sure that what Lenny and I felt for each other was really love? Oh, to be sure he was handsome and a marvelous dancer and all that, but love? Love isn't all physical, you know. You knew Lenny, and you remember him as a handsome young man who was popular behind the soda fountain and then adventuresome because he went off and joined the Navy. But I can tell you a thing or two more about Lenny. He was weak—even slightly dishonest—oh, I sensed even then what life might be like with a boy like that, even as I knew that in Russell I would have a man who loved me as a wife, not because we looked good together on a dance floor."

But then I told her I had heard her cry that night and that I had never forgotten, much less understood it. I thought she was crying because she didn't love Russell Sayres.

"Yes," she said, "I knew everyone thought I was just making a practical marriage, but it was more than that. I was not so giddy a girl as people believed that summer. It was just that I knew it would be my last—in that way,

(Continued on page 72)

SANTA TERESA

"Lord, amid so many ills, this comes on top of all the rest."
"Teresa, that is how I treat my friends."

—Teresa of Ávila, by Marcelle Auclair

From Ávila to Malagon
The daughters of Carmel,
Tight in a curtained carriage
As rigid as a shell,
Travel the olived valleys,
Shoulder the spiky hills,
To found another house of prayer
As God's good wisdom wills.

"We fear the snarling river,
The havoc it intends—"

"This, my faithful daughter,
Is how I treat my friends."

Valladolid and Tormes,
Toledo and Seville,
On mule, or foot, or litter—
The red earth, like a grill
Reflects the Spanish sunlight.
The whorls of mud in spring,
The sly, insidious mists of fall,
Impede their journeying.

"Give us, dear Lord, some respite—
Peace while the spirit mends!"

"Teresa, my child, remember,
Thus do I treat my friends."

Segovia, Villanueva,
Through hunger, hatred, scorn,
The caravan bears onward
The living crown of thorn.
And now through Alba's cell there sweeps
A light like lambent fire.
Whence come the Martyrs dressed in white?
Whence sings the unseen choir?

"For me, Lord, spent and humble,
This glory as life ends?"

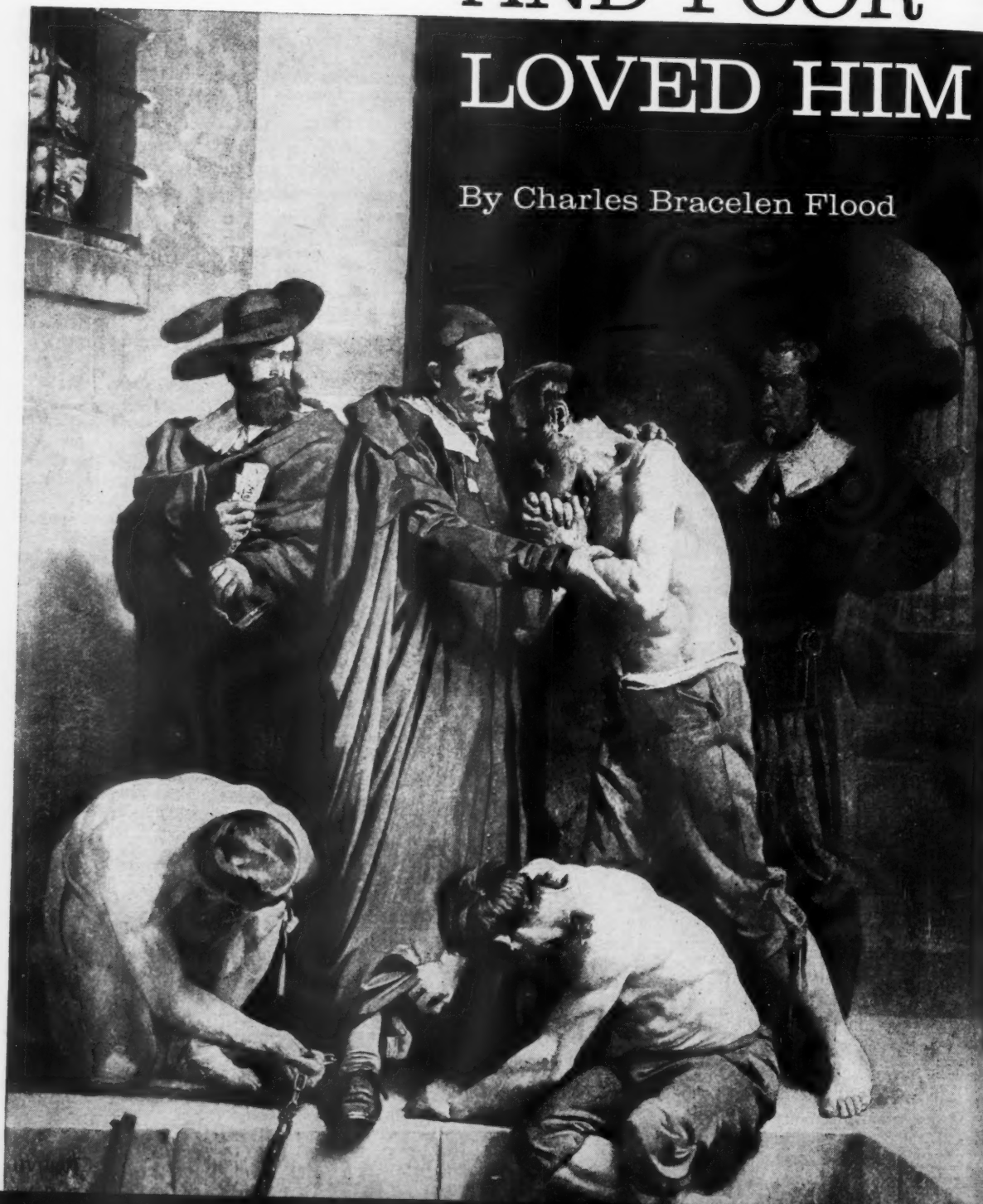
"Teresa, dear Teresa,
So do I treat my friends."

MARIAN E. SMITH

My Favorite Saint • Vincent de Paul

BOTH RICH AND POOR LOVED HIM

By Charles Bracelen Flood



■ Three hundred years ago September 26, an eighty-year-old priest died quietly in the city of Paris, surrounded by a devoted and loving country. He died aware of what he had accomplished in his life and aware of what remained to be done.

He would have been shocked if anyone suggested that he would one day be canonized; he would have said that such an honor was not for men who simply saw their duty and did it. Perhaps, in his last days, he remembered back to 1605, when a brash, ambitious, young Frenchman named Vincent de Paul stole a horse in order to raise the money to get to Marseilles, where he had to collect a debt. "Little did I know," the old priest may have murmured to himself, "what a life-long adventure that trip would start."

Vincent had been ordained at the age of twenty, not because of any unusual accomplishments but because of the general laxity of requirements for the priesthood. He accepted the conditions of the world he knew: swords at the sides of every gentleman and many priests, dueling everywhere, beggars on every corner, a Church organization in which a five-year-old boy could hold a bishopric in *commendam*, and an aristocracy which believed that the poor existed for the benefit of the rich.

In looks, Vincent was broad-shouldered and slightly stooped. He had a good-sized head, a nose that seemed to have been flattened in a series of childhood fights, and a pair of eyes so clear that he was capable of staring the truth out of a man. From a rock of a jaw, set in a ruddy face, came a voice notable for its firm softness. It was just as well that he could take care of himself, for Vincent was about to encounter an experience that few men could survive.

RETURNING from Marseilles Vincent was standing at the rail of a coastal lugger, when he saw three Turkish brigantines bearing down under the crescent banner of the Barbary pirates. The Turks sent a shower of arrows into the lugger, one of which wounded Vincent. In a moment, they were on board, selecting a sacrifice to avenge the death of their own vessel. Having chosen the pilot, they proceeded to hack him apart on the deck before the eyes of the terrified captives.

Upon landing in Tunis, Vincent, still suffering from his wounds, was placed on the auction block in the slave market. The future saint stood silent as purchasers felt his biceps and opened his

mouth to examine the condition of his teeth. At last he was bought by a fisherman and, somewhat later, found himself in an extraordinary household, whose master, William Gautier, had once been a Franciscan monk. Having renounced Christianity, Gautier was living in the Moslem fashion with three wives. One of Gautier's wives, a Turkish woman, would speak to Vincent about Europe and the religion of Europe, and one day she commanded Vincent to sing a hymn in praise of his God. He sang the *Salve Regina*, and to his surprise the woman was moved to tears. That evening, she told Gautier that he had been a fool to renounce a God the praises for whom were so moving.

The following day Gautier approached his slave Vincent and told him that it was time to think of escaping from Tunis to France. Whether Gautier had been planning the escape for some time or whether he was moved by the presence of Vincent, it is impossible to determine. In June of 1607, they left the African coast in a small skiff fitted with a sail. Gautier and de Paul arrived in the south of France on June 28, 1607, and made their way inland to Avignon, where they reported to the papal vice-legat, Peter Montorio. Montorio was flabbergasted. He found himself confronted by two bearded men so sunburnt that they appeared like Arabs, dressed in rags, both claiming to be priests.

He took his two wanderers with him back to Rome and displayed Vincent to the papal court, where he attracted the attention of the cardinals. Vincent asked for the opportunity of studying theology for a year in Rome, which he was granted. He stayed in the capital of Christendom drinking in its wisdom. It is impossible to determine just what effect this year had on his life, but there is no doubt that his African experience had given him a depth of compassion and a sense of dedication to his vocation and to Christianity, which had not been in evidence previously.

It was at this point that Vincent was first singled out for an errand of distinction. He was sent to Paris on a secret mission to Henry IV and arrived there near the end of 1608.

Henry IV evidently liked what he saw of Vincent and ensconced him as chaplain to Queen Marguerite de Valois. Vincent must occasionally have found his head spinning as he considered the past two years. Little priests from Pouy do not often become chaplains at court.

Whatever Queen Marguerite's other

failings, dullness and stupidity had never been among them. She was a discriminating patron of the arts. She was also a patron of the poor. In an age not given to excesses of charity, she maintained quarters for one hundred paupers and forty exiled English priests. She visited hospitals, in a century when it was foolhardy to do so. She had been a great sinner, but her heart had always had other aspects as well. Vincent de Paul, in his thirtieth year, could not have found a person in France who combined such a degree of power with such a humanitarian impulse.

It might have been pardonable for Vincent to have felt, as he walked and talked and dined at court, that his worst struggles with life were over. In the mornings, he crossed the street to the *hopital de la Charité*, where he was in charge of the distribution of Queen Marguerite's alms. There was always good conversation to be had, and it was as a result of one of these talks that Vincent entered a new kind of slavery, the slavery of agonized doubt.

THERE WAS a doctor of theology attached to the court who had received some acclaim in the past for the clarity of his explanations of doctrine, but now he found himself prey to the most horrible doubts, both as to the existence of God and the divinity of Christ. The poor man had reached a point where he was seriously considering suicide. Vincent, always practical, suggested that the man make simply physical acts of faith. He urged the confused doctor to kneel without attempting to pray, to point to heaven if he found the *Our Father* confusing, to point toward a church rather than say the Creed. Finally, Vincent assured the doctor that he would share the man's doubts as if they were his own.

At once, a remarkable thing happened. The doctor of theology was restored to his former lively faith and the ability to explain it brilliantly, but Vincent found himself tormented by precisely the same doubts. He found himself incapable of getting through the simplest prayer without an agony of doubt as to whether there was any God to hear the prayer. He became a spiritual cripple now; inwardly he was a shattered wreck. In desperation, he copied out the Creed and pinned the paper over his heart. When he wished to pray, he would place his hand on the paper and beg God to find this an acceptable substitute.

This trial lasted for four years, years during which Vincent realized more

"Monsieur Vincent" blesses prisoner in eighteenth-century artist's impression of Saint's imprisonment in Paris

CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD, author and journalist, won the Literary Fellowship Award for his novel *Love Is a Bridge*.

keenly than ever that a clear conscience is a far greater thing than the luxuries of the court of a queen.

One day Vincent promised himself that even if he were to stagger to the end of his days under this burden of doubt and confusion and guilt, he would devote his life to the service of the poor. Immediately after, his doubts receded, and he found himself able to pray and to exercise his priestly office with a full heart and absolute certainty. Until that day, he had been an opportunist, making the most of the extraordinary winds of chance. Suddenly the way was clear.

Soon after, Vincent received a new assignment. He was to be chaplain to the de Gondis, one of the great families of France. It is hard to imagine an assignment more in line with his past ambitions and less in line with his present outlook.

WHAT VINCENT was to learn was that Madame de Gondi was potentially a great benefactress to the poor and that her husband was the general in charge of the Mediterranean naval galleys of France.

In the years between 1615 and 1620, when Vincent was aging from thirty-five to forty, he gave an endless series of "missions" to the peasants both on the many de Gondi estates and in neighboring towns. At the close of the mission, Vincent would organize a Confraternity of Charity in that town. The confraternity was not to give money to the poor but to give clothes, food, and medicine. It is in this realistic approach that we see the remarkable combination of business executive and saint which distinguished Vincent de Paul. "Treat every poor man as if he is Christ," he says.

Throughout Vincent's life, we see a man who knew the distinction between love and sentimentality. He simply gave food to those who were hungry, Catholic and Protestant alike, asking no questions. By concentrating on the practical, he found that the spiritual followed of its own accord. Conversions due to his good works ultimately numbered in the thousands.

In 1622, at the age of forty-two, Vincent had his confraternities working so well that he could go to the south of France and pay some attention to the poor, wretched prisoners who were sentenced to work in the galleys until they died of exhaustion. He had already improved the living conditions in the Paris prison, where the condemned men were kept awaiting their transfer to Toulon and Marseilles. During the year which he spent with the

galley fleet, Vincent brought about a revolutionary change in outlook on the part of the convicts. He had found them practically starving, in rags and chains, men who had faith in nothing but the certainty of their death.

Vincent immediately put two priests on board every galley and personally shared their life. Slowly, incredulous that anyone cared about them, the men returned to their faith. Vincent had a hospital built for them in Marseilles and established a post-office so that they could communicate with their families.

Back in Paris, a year later, Vincent signed a significant document on April 17, 1625. It stated to the Archbishop of Paris that Vincent de Paul would be prepared to raise six priests for missionary work under his direction, stipulating the missionary work to be among the poor. Here began the Order of the Congregation of the Mission, devoted exclusively to working among the poor.

Once his order of priests was under way and receiving more recruits, Vincent enlisted Mme. de Gondi in the establishment of what could be called a high-policy-level Confraternity of Charity. Once again, combining his concern for the poor with his shrewd estimate of the society of his day, Vincent appreciated the fact that both the poor and the rich would profit, one materially and spiritually, the other only spiritually, if visiting the poor could be made a fashionable activity on the part of the aristocratic ladies of Paris. This was the beginning of the Ladies of Charity.

The Archbishop of Paris ordered Vincent to send his ladies into the Hotel-Dieu, the hospital where some twenty-five thousand patients a year entered and relatively few came out alive. Ordering these dainty ladies into the stink of a seventeenth-century hospital was somewhat like ordering the Charge of the Light Brigade, and yet, perhaps to Vincent's astonishment, the Ladies put on rather fancy aprons and pitched in.

Once Vincent saw what could be accomplished by volunteers, he was irresistibly taken by the thought that professionals could do it even better. An idea began to form in his mind, a revolutionary idea of a kind of nun who would not be cloistered, a nun who would work in the world, with the poor of the world. It was in line with these ideas that he began asking the advice of Louise de Marillac, one of the highest-born of the ladies who had worked at the Hotel-Dieu. Her first idea was to use country girls as a type of nurse's aide to the wealthy ladies, and eventually she had a number of these nurses' aides living in her own house. Vincent had

to explain, both to the frowning hierarchy and to his own country girls, what he wished them to be. "Your monasteries," he told them, "are the houses of the sick; your cell is a hired room; your chapel, the parish church; your cloister, the streets of the city; your enclosure, obedience; your grille, the fear of God; your veil, holy modesty." They understood and obeyed, and the largest order of nuns in the world started. We know them now as the Sisters of Charity.

The foundations of Vincent's work were now complete, but the great test of his work was to come, as a part of the Thirty Years' War laid waste the northeastern corner of France. Then began the horrible revolutions and counter-revolutions of the Fronde. In all of this, Vincent had only one policy: the policy of mercy. He was to live through the reign of Richelieu and to be the opponent of Mazarin. His policy was mercy, while the policy of those two cardinals was expediency. Suffice it to say, the work of Vincent de Paul has outlasted theirs.

INTO ALL this suffering of France came the intellectual labyrinth of Jansenism. Vincent turned from practical matters with remarkable agility, but it was only to lead his followers back to practical, meaningful religion. He was one of the leaders of the fight against heresy; it was Vincent who was the prime mover of the letter to the Pope asking that the papacy take a specific stand on the errors which had attracted some of the best minds in the clergy of France.

Remembering his youth, he pushed his missionaries into the North African ports, placing them as assistant consuls, ordering them to improve the lot of the poor galley slaves in the hands of the Turks. His missionary work extended into Poland, and his most spectacular missionary effort was the sending of priests to Madagascar. He became a leading influence in the formation of young seminarians, and in his Tuesday conferences, attended even by cardinals, he attempted, in an acceptable and non-Jansenistic way, a return to the fundamentals of proper thinking for the clergy of all orders.

At eighty, he was a great national figure. He had gained and held the love and admiration of both the rich and the poor. His armor was that no one could possibly believe that he did anything selfishly.

Within him were the seeds of a social reform fully three centuries ahead of its time. Vincent de Paul had performed no miracles in the classic sense. Yet his whole life had been a miracle.

My summer with "cool" sports

There isn't
enough excitement
in cricket

BY RED SMITH



■ This is being written in a walled garden in Venice with a spotless sky overhead, yellow, red, and pink rose trees moving lazily in a soft breeze, and no distraction except occasional musical plashing sounds when the silver-haired doll with patrician features, who lives on the fourth floor just across the canal, chucks her garbage out the window.

By rights, considering that this is for publication in the October issue of *THE SIGN*, it ought to say something instructive or edifying or at least prolix about the World Series, but the fact is we haven't seen a baseball struck in anger since May and haven't a clue as to who'll play in the Series, or why. About all a guy on the move can do is keep up with the team standings in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Ever since the international match, when Floyd Patterson left Sweden's Ingemar Johansson twitching on the rug in the Polo Grounds, sports viewed through these bifocals have had anything but homespun quality. First there was golf for the Canada Cup and International individual championship at Portmarnock outside Dublin, then a spot of fruitless fishing in Killarney, tennis at Wimbledon, and rowing at Henley-on-Thames followed by the Scottish version of golf when the field in the 100-year-old British Open floundered through howling rains across the wild dunes of St. Andrews.

After watching the mad velocipedists of the *Tour de France* ride headlong off Alpine peaks (*THE SIGN*, September, 1960), there came racing at Ascot and Goodwood, and an afternoon of tranquil piety (pronounced "shattering boredom") at Lord's in London, the Holy Land of cricket. Cricket is a game perfectly suited to the British temperament; a single match can consume five

days with interruptions for luncheon and tea, and at its best it soars to heights of dullness matched only by boiled English mutton.

It is not, to be sure, confined to "this scepter'd isle, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." It is played in India and South Africa and Australia and wherever the empire-builders traveled and in other lands as well, including Denmark and Holland but not Germany.

During the Nazi occupation in World War II, the Dutch kept on playing cricket and because the German's didn't understand the game's esoteric language, cricket terms were employed to exchange information in Underground forces. When the Germans tumbled to the fact that an innocent remark that "Van Donck took two wickets before stumps" might convey a message of military importance, they tried to eradicate the sport by driving stakes into the playing fields. When the Dutch went right on playing among the stakes, occupation authorities forbade cricket on penalty of death.

Still, though others play it, no other people than the British could have invented this game. There is a tale about an elderly doll being interviewed by ship news reporters on her first visit to America in many years. As the Queen Elizabeth crept up the harbor from Quarantine, a veteran of the press asked:

"Isn't it correct, Lady Poonsberry-Podby, that the last time you visited New York you came over on the Titanic?"

"Quite," she replied. "Part way."

This is British coolth, and this is why they go for cricket. Something of the same lofty detachment makes itself felt in other sports. For example, there has been a rash of doping scandals in British racing this year. After some big races, it has been discovered that the winner was carrying a charge big enough to blow up Fort Knox; after others, it developed that the beaten favorite had been fed a slow-pill that would stop the Twentieth Century.

Nobody has come up with a satisfactory explanation, except to say that

it is difficult to police stables in Britain because racing is a diffuse sport there, with horses constantly in transit as course after course runs its meeting of three or four days.

However, this was always true, so why haven't there been doping scandals all along? Well, you are told, science marches on. Lately, drugs have been developed which escape detection by Britain's plodding techniques of analyzing sweat and saliva samples. Furthermore, tests are run on a casual, hit-or-miss system.

Owners and trainers have got into a towering tizzy and keep ordering private tests when their horses run better or worse than expected. Horse players are going noisily daffy over striking reversals of form. And through it all the ruling Jockey Club, splendidly British, magnificently cool, has maintained an Olympian silence to this moment.

Ah, well. After the races came a rainy day on the Thames watching a swan round-up. This is a production best described as an adult Eastern; the swanpunchers travel in skiffs instead of on broncos, wear fancy suits and have calling cards that read thus: "L. J.

Robinson, Waterman to Her Majesty the Queen, Bargemaster and Swan-keeper to the Worshipful Company of Dyers."

They go splashing up the river from London to Henley birdnapping every swan family they find and branding the maverick cygnets. They've been doing it annually for so many years nobody remembers why.

There were equally sporty evenings with the dashing darts players of the neighborhood pubs and an especially instructive one learning about the current state of intercollegiate tiddlywinks in Merrie Englande. The Cambridge tiddlers, if you must know, are world champions.

Then it was off to Paris where Old Becky Trueheart was waiting. Becky is a trim black Peugeot automobile, a little sweetheart that eats up mountains and leaps joyously around hairpin turns.

In the last fortnight she has hummed across half a continent, through the serenely gentle valleys of the Marne and the Meuse past Chateau-Thierry, the Argonne Forest, and Verdun; down to the simple hut in Domremy where Joan of Arc was born and the tiny

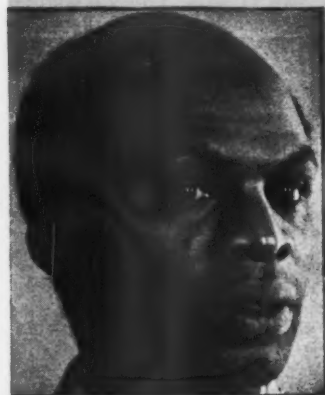
church where she was baptized; across the Rhine at Strasbourg and down through the Black Forest to Konstanz on the blue Bodensee; then over the Alps to the winter sports resorts of Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Innsbruck; on to Salzburg and across the towering Dolomites through Cortina D'Ampezzo to this Adriatic Coney Island.

Everywhere the traveler is reminded of the universality of sports. In Garmisch and Cortina they still talk of the Winter Olympics of 1936 and 1956; in Innsbruck they are already preparing for those of 1964.

The Black Forest is the Schwartzwald, which naturally recalls the undefeated football team coached at Syracuse last fall by Ben Schwartzwalder. In Bavaria, almost every other building seems to be a gasthaus. "Obviously," says the tourist, "this is the home of the Gasthaus Gang. Wonder how the Cardinals are doing today."

Judging from the names on the shop fronts here, Venice is populated exclusively by American boxers, ball players, and Notre Dame football players. "Giardello," the signs read, and "DiMaggio," and "Pietrosante."

NEXT MONTH IN THE SIGN



THE BLACK PRINCE

A close-up profile of Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa, the first Negro cardinal.

Plus a picture story of his daily life photographed for The Sign in Tanganyika.

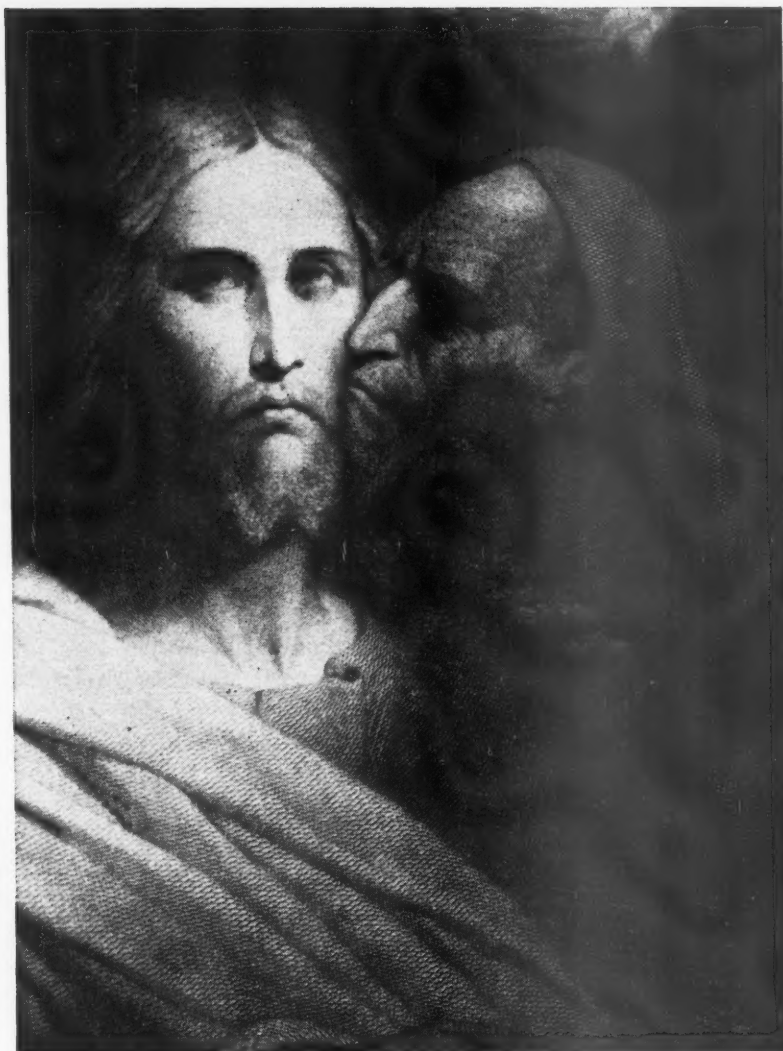
Also

■ Key Questions on American Unity and Religious Freedom

■ A Visit with Mary Ellen Kelly, "The Venturous Shut-in"

As a man, Judas
was only an amateur. He
erred when he thought God
was an amateur too

THE AMATEUR GOD



CULVER PICTURES, INC.

"Judas thought God would be easy game for his cunning . . ."

BY DAMIAN REID, C. P.

When we think of Judas, we think first of a man who betrayed his Friend and his God. A man who had the confidence and love of his Friend. But a man who held that devotion so cheaply that he exchanged it for thirty pieces of silver.

But there is another notable aspect of his deed. He is not only the great betrayer for having sold God. He is the great illusionist for having thought he could hide from God.

His system of values was wrong on at least two counts. He was wrong in considering that the friendship of God was worth only thirty pieces of silver. And he was wrong in thinking that he could devise a trick which would prevent God from seeing through him.

This second mistake was the fatal one. A man may behave himself either through love or fear. So that if love

fails as a deterrent to misconduct, fear can save the day. But the man who thinks he can hide from the penalty of misconduct lacks even the sorry salvation of being afraid to be bad.

Judas arranged a bit of stage business with the enemies of Jesus. He would lead them to the Garden of Gethsemani. There he would put on an act. Instead of going up to Jesus and pointing his finger and saying; "There is your man," he would be very smart. Oozing innocence, he would rush up to Jesus and greet Him with a kiss. That would be the signal. Here was the man they were looking for.

This plan was carried out. Jesus was seized and brought to the city.

It was a low, messy trick. That is the most obvious feature of the episode. But the next most obvious feature of it is that it was an attempt at conceal-

ment. And it implied that Judas and the other conspirators believed that concealment was possible.

They were all in the grip of intense emotion. And like all emotional behavior, their act had little reason in it.

How could Judas have thought that such a plot could succeed? He had seen Jesus manifest superhuman powers of discernment and self-defense. He had seen Him perform feats of control over nature which could have been nothing short of divine. Judas attended the resurrection of Lazarus and the young man of Naim. He was present when Jesus waved His hand and stilled the storm on the Sea of Galilee. He heard Jesus curse a fig tree that bore leaves but no fruit. And a few days later, he passed the spot and saw that the tree had been blasted and killed by the curse.

The other conspirators were in much the same position. They had seen Jesus cure the arthritic and the paralytic. They had argued with Him over the propriety of working such cures on the Sabbath. They had heard from authorities whom they would have to respect of the affair of Lazarus and of an astonishing cure of blindness.

No question but that Jesus had at His command a power which could derive only from God. Moreover, it was a power which God would not allow to be loosely used. It could never be used, for instance, to establish a lie.

Yet, here was Jesus wielding the power and claiming it as His own. Claiming, in fact, the name and title of God.

REASON could agree that He must be God. Judas must have seen that. And so must the Jewish leaders who conspired with him.

But emotion blinded them. Judas wanted money. The others wanted prestige. And their sorry hopes threw reality out of focus. If God was against them, well, they would fight Him. And they would do the impossible.

There were a number of strange implications in their conduct.

They must have thought, for instance, that the Creator had somehow lost track of His creation. That, after making the universe and all its furnishings, He misplaced the blueprint and couldn't quite remember what He had done. In this world that God had made, there were hiding places where He could never find them, they thought.

One of these hiding places was the deep, dark recess of the human mind. All Judas had to do was twist his face into a smile, use a conventional word of greeting, and kiss Jesus. That would be all that Jesus could see. But the re-

mote corners of the conspirators' psychology, He would not be able to see. And that is where Judas and these collaborators of his would be concealed with their sordid little plot to sell Jesus out.

Actually, however, every move they made was energized by the power of God. They could execute none of their smart ideas unless He lent them His strength.

As for their sly scheme to outwit Him, He could no more be kept in ignorance of it than a sculptor can be kept in ignorance of the statue he carves.

But they could not have been thinking of that. By some freakish quirk of human psychology, they were convinced that they could draw a piece of God's creation over them and hide their intrigue from Him.

Besides assuming that the Creator had lost touch with this area of His creation, they must have appraised Him, too, as a sort of amateur God. No more

• The best cure for the body is to quiet the mind.

— Napoleon Bonaparte

successful as God than any human dabbler who might try to play that character. They dragged Him down to their level. They measured His genius by theirs.

This was all implied in their conviction that they could deceive Him.

The men who conspired with Judas were a particularly vulgar kind of politician. They were crooked and pitiless. Their conduct toward Jesus proved that. They were used to deceit and felt completely comfortable with it. In the process of making political gains, they frequently said things which ran counter to fact. Made promises which they never intended to keep. And their tricks succeeded.

They had had the same tactics played against themselves. Successfully. So they knew how deceit can confuse.

Judas had a history of slick pretense also. He fretted piously over Mary of Bethany's wasting marketable perfume on Our Lord. It could have been sold and the price given to the poor, he said.

He said. But he didn't mean it. St. John informs us that Judas was the community treasurer and also a thief. He merely wanted to get his hands on that much money.

Yes, Judas and his allies knew that men can be duped. They had all been

on both the giving and receiving end of such operations.

But they blundered horribly in assuming that God was as easy game for their cunning, that mere political bait or campaign melodramatics could fool Him, too.

This was the silly conviction behind Judas' stunt of dashing up to Jesus, hailing Him like a devoted friend, and kissing Him.

He was not only pointing out the person whom his confederates sought. He was insulting God by conceiving Him as the gullible victim of a crude bluff.

He was reducing God to the natural dimensions of a man. In fact, he was reducing God to a mental level beneath his own. For he was going to play a trick on God. And God was going to fall for it.

So he thought.

THE effort looks crude when we stand off at a geographical distance of seven thousand miles and a time-distance of twenty centuries. And particularly when there is so much psychological distance between Judas' frame of mind and ours.

He was in the grip of a great and dazzling emotion. Giddy with the love of money. And that giddiness blunted his sense of reality and proportion. He would do anything for money. And he figured that he could do it successfully. Even minimize the intelligence of God.

We, however, lacking Judas' emotional involvement in the incident, can see the futility of his act.

But, aside from the literal features of his crime, the substance of his act is by no means rare. Most human crime implies the illusion that one can hide from God.

There could be no enjoyment whatever in sin unless, for its duration, the sinner cast out of his mind the awareness of God's watching him and God's writing down against him a debt that will erase all the advantage of sinning. The thought of this retribution would wring all pleasure out of sin and would leave no motive for sinning.

So that human sin is commonly managed by thinking of God as a fellow mortal who can be hoodwinked and cheated. By reducing God to our size and then making Him a little bit smaller. Just enough smaller to be outwitted by us.

The prototype of this mental process is complete in that conspiracy of Judas and the politicians: "The man whom I shall kiss, that is he. Lay hold of him."

He demoted God.

Then he felt safe enough to be a criminal.

WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Rhythm Alarm Is Over

Years ago, when the rhythm method was new, this page ran a letter on the subject from a woman reader who mentioned a chart worked out by two young Catholics. The result was unexpected. Hundreds of letters poured in, some from priests, and all sympathetic, on a subject which, as one of them wrote, "keeps some of us awake at night worrying about our people." One member of a large religious order wrote that he was installing a rhythm clinic with a nurse in charge in an effort to compete with Planned Parenthood clinics. Dr. William Thomas Walsh published a book on the subject with a bishop's foreword.

After some time came a bolt from the blue. A monsignor of my acquaintance told me to brush up on my Latin if I wanted to write on rhythm any more. The Walsh book was withdrawn; the chart sales dwindled. I called once and wrote once to the priest to ask about his clinic. I had no answer, even in Latin. In fact, there was silence all over.

That alarmed flurry is long over. Today rhythm is respectably spoken about. Today, in fact, it is a little difficult not to hear, talk, or read about birth control.

Some years ago I received a letter from a Catholic social worker who wanted advice. She had gone to visit a young mother whose newest baby was only a few weeks old. There were two other small children. The family was poor but not on relief, except that the city allowed a quart of milk daily for the two children. The social worker found the young mother in tears; she had that morning been visited by a city social worker who came to renew the order of milk for the older children and offer a quart for the new baby if it was needed. However, there was now a string tied to the gift: unless the mother went to get advice from the local Planned Parenthood clinic, it would be impossible to continue the milk supply for the children—any of them.

The mother was heartbroken. That daily milk represented just the difference between feeding the children well or not well. This she needed; the rest she could manage. My correspondent wrote to ask me what she should do. I wrote back to go immediately to her own priest or to the bishop and tell him the story. A week later she wrote again. The matter had been settled. With no further insistence on a Planned Parenthood diploma, the milk was forthcoming.

An Invasion of Rights

The point I am making is that this was an invasion of citizens' rights. It is about as foolish as the eternal argument about buses for parochial school children. That, however, is at most neglect of the young citizen; the right to go to any school is still his. But in this matter of refusing milk to a child who would suffer if it were not provided by the city, we would be going a step further. The infant citizen is being discriminated against and so are the rights of his Catholic parents.

Planned Parenthood has always seemed to me a group who are interested mainly in seeing that the poor don't have

more children. On this basis, in this interesting land of ours, a young father might be broke one year and so not be allowed to have more children, while the next year a lucky invention or oil in his back yard might bring in a fortune—and qualify him to have as many children as the Lord would send him. Or, vice versa, the wealthy father might be wiped out on the stock market and be already loaded with a fine family.

Today we are wondering in magazines and newspapers whether we ought to share our birth control information with "benighted" nations. This is silly too; any nation can get it without all this fanfare if it wants to. But I think the only way you could get the birth control methods which are advocated for India and Africa is by forcing them on the people by law—and there again you are invading the basic rights of human beings.

What Will the "Pill" Do To Women?

The rhythm method has its place, and a proper one, today, but there is one method much talked about lately—even, I have heard, among Catholic doctors and hospitals, and that is the one of contraceptive pills which forestall pregnancy (see "You, Marriage and the 'Pill'" p. 18). I have read the expressed hope of promoters of the pill that people will try this method so that more information can be secured as to the possibility of any future harm, say some years from now, in using these pills which must be taken most of the days of each month. Independently of the morality involved, it seems to my untutored mind that it must be very strong medicine which will secure such a condition of non-conception. What, one may be pardoned for asking, will these pills do to the system of a woman and perhaps also to the child, in case they don't work? "Temporary side effects have been noted," I read. And even if the primary results seem all right, what about secondary damages some years hence to mother and child?

There are, on the other hand, some who would like to have all the talking stopped, including rhythm. When I read an article by a person who signed himself simply "Ethicus," a very trenchant article full of learned phrases and without a bit of humanitarian feeling—I remembered the story of the old Irish woman who came from a mission looking a little troubled. It had been very fine, she said—"but I kept thinking 'if only Father knew as much about marriage as I do.'"

I also want to say that I think the whole subject is being handled with thoughtfulness and care on the part of the majority of the clergy as, for example, the erudite and reasonable remarks of Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University, on the CBS *Population Explosion* program.

The earth is constantly being made more productive as natural resources are better utilized and new methods are taught with new tools. It is a better way to make people, and therefore nations, healthy and happy than to dot their cities with Planned Parenthooders and all their ilk.

THE OLDEST established federal department for brainstorm wishes to report that the following story is an invention: An official in the U. S. Patent Office once resigned because he was convinced that everything had been invented.

True, the first commissioner of patents, Henry L. Ellsworth, was a man of little faith who officially reported in 1843 that "the advancements of the arts, from year to year, tax our credulity and seem to presage the arrival of that period when human improvement must end." But almost three million patents later, credulity is still being taxed by such recent patented inventions as parakeet diapers, armored underwear, a musical toothbrush, a tick-tacktoe machine and a flyswatter to electrocute flies.

In fact, the battle to keep up with the American brainstorm has forced the Patent Office to expand its force to 2,000 employees and its budget to an unprecedented \$20 million. Even at the weekly rate of 1,000 patents, the office still takes three and a half years to grant what amounts to a do-it-yourself diploma.

As explained by Whereas No. 1 on the diploma, John Q. Brainstorm has filed "a petition praying for the grant of letters patent for an alleged new and useful invention." Whereas No. 2 announces that upon due examination "the said claimant is adjudged to be justly entitled to a patent under the law." Complete with red seal and blue ribbon, the recipient has proof positive and official of at least one original idea in his lifetime.

Although the second Whereas can make a million for a lucky few, experts estimate that only about half the patent holders make any money at all. While economists cite the profit motive for invention and Plato calls necessity its mother, they neglect to mention that aggravation is often the father of invention, especially among the amateurs.

Take the ordinary aggravation of struggling to open a bottle or can of beer and you have Newton's apple falling all over again. When Clyde A. Tolson, the No. 2 man in the F.B.I., cut

AGGRAVATION

father of invention

Got a brainstorm? Many people have.

It's probably your way of getting the best of what bothers you — whether it's necessary or not

BY EDWARD WAKIN

his finger in opening a bottle, he decided to build a better bottle cap.

Mr. Tolson experimented and came up with a cap that has a handle on one side and can be pulled up with the little finger. For re-sealing, press down the handle. With thoroughness worthy of the F.B.I., he kept a bottle with his cap on it around the office for six months, opening it and sealing it without loss of carbonation. He even had a friend blow up a bottle with his cap on it and the cap stayed on. The result was Patent No. 2,921,709, another successful capture (of fizz) by the F.B.I.

Following in the tradition of the first woman ever to get a patent (an 1809 invention for "weaving straw with silk or thread"), a lady who was a World War II intelligence agent also attacked the traditional can opener. Mrs. Inge von Hooven Haas recently got a patent for a beer can with a built-in opener that becomes a spout, protects a lady's finger, and overcomes what she considers a major household hazard.

On the other hand, a gentleman from Canton, Ohio, has turned the tables on housewives who make their husbands

do the dishes. Just sit still, throw a switch and everything washes itself. Here is the way it operates: the table is an endless plastic belt with depressions for dinner plates as well as dessert dishes; the belt rolls into a washer unit built into one end of the table and emerges scraped, washed, and dried.

Or maybe your pet peeve is chewing gum that sticks to your dentures. This has not escaped the attention of the world's biggest chewing gum maker, Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co. of Chicago, which put a top researcher to work on that aggravation with, we suspect, some selfish interest. The result was false teeth to which chewing gum will not stick as well as a method to make your old dentures stick-proof.

A Baltimore man attacked the same problem at its roots by inventing a musical toothbrush that not only encourages you to brush your teeth, but also to do it properly. His toothbrush, which looks like any other when silent, has a set of reeds which produce music only when the proper vertical strokes are used in brushing.

While the common tooth and the

EDWARD WAKIN, journalist and lecturer, has written syndicated articles for the North American Newspaper Alliance and the Scripps-Howard Alliance.



Frank EVERS

dirty dish demonstrate how far the amateur inventor's imagination can range, there are other peeves close to home that separate the American householder into two categories, the people that put up with the drip-drip-drip of the kitchen faucet and those that invent a way to do something about it. A man from West Orange, N. J., has patented a drip silencer composed of a rubber or plastic fitting that attaches to the faucet. A string hangs from a hole in its bottom and carries water in a small stream, instead of drops, noiselessly to the bottom of the sink.

Patent No. 2,881,554 is designed to combat the household fly with something that looks like a tennis racket. Swing at the flies forehand or backhand and they will get caught between a coarse outer screen and a fine inner screen. Dry cells in the handle and an induction coil with a vibrator electrocute the flies.

A lady from Brooklyn has contributed a boudoir cap with attached curls so that a housewife can put her hair in curlers without losing a well-groomed appearance. A nose heater has

come from Minneapolis. The heater, which plugs into the wall, consists of a metal holder containing a heating unit that vaporizes medicine and wafts it upward.

Despite this seemingly bizarre sample of what gets patented by the government, the U. S. Patent Office is quick to point out that its diplomas in brainstorms are neither lightly given nor casually pursued. In fact, the Patent Office emphasizes that it stands on the Constitution in insuring life, liberty, and the pursuit of inventions.

"The Patent System is one of the strongest bulwarks of democratic government today," the Patent Office reminds Americans. "It offers the same protection, the same opportunity, the same hope of reward to every individual. For 160 years it has recognized, as it will continue to recognize, the inherent right of an inventor to his government's protection. The American Patent System plays no favorites. It is as democratic as the Constitution which begot it."

However, an inventor can go too far and not get a patent because his inven-

tion must be kept secret for national security reasons. He can apply for compensation if the government uses the invention, but in the case of Dr. Otto Halpern this was a long fight. His anti-radar detection device, invented in 1941, was ruled too secret even to be discussed and it took him eighteen years and a court ruling to get compensation from the Defense Department. When he won last year, his reward was a check for \$340,000, but still no patent.

Dr. Halpern's invention belonged to the frontier of scientific research where the part-time brainstormer doesn't tread. Technology and science have become so complicated that inventions are a full-time job for experts and specialists and for giant corporations and big government. Nonetheless, the list of patents issued makes it clear that the "aggravation" invention is still going strong and, in fact, it helped to push last year's total of 52,470 patents almost to the all-time 1932 record of 53,473. Undoubtedly, all inventors are kindred souls under the layers of expertise, united in a kindred frame of mind de-

(Continued on page 74)



About Beautiful Dangers

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

WHEN such practices as contraception, abortion, sterilization, and divorce become institutionalized, as they have, they help form a culture in which the Christian cannot fully feel at home. The Christian will be tempted to conform to these institutionalized practices. He will also be tempted to adapt his ways to dating and courtship practices, reading, and entertainment which are out of keeping with the Christian concept of man and the family.

What is the Christian to do when he is forced to live in a culture with which he is only half at peace? He can retire to a little ghetto, an isolated kingdom of his own, where he can live out his commitment with greater safety. The ghetto need not be a geographical section of the city or country, though this frequently happens. Essentially the ghetto is a cloistered frame of mind, an attitude of religious and therefore social segregation.

Among residents of the ghetto there is an unspoken agreement that one is the soul of civility to non-Catholics, but their way of life and their values are different, and the Catholic keeps a discreet distance. He reads Catholic papers and Catholic novels, and he joins Catholic neighborhood and national organizations. He tends to limit his business to stores operated by Catholics, except when not to do so is to his advantage. Life in the ideal Catholic ghetto is safe and about as free as possible from the contamination of a pagan culture, values, and practices.

Without doubt, a good ghetto has many advantages. There the Catholic lives among his own kind, who, for the most part, think and feel the same about marriage and the family and the related areas of behavior: dating and courting practices, feminine fashions.

But, for all its advantages, the general Catholic consensus is that the ghetto is basically not a final solution for a Catholic minority. The past few decades have seen a somewhat belea-

guered Catholic minority emerging from the ghetto, this open cloister, this social refuge, this intellectual preserve. Catholics have not turned their backs on the ghetto because they belittled the advantages of so Catholic an atmosphere. The reasons for leaving are social and economic as well as religious. Here our concern is only with the religious motivation.

One of the reasons for the Catholic's turning his back on the ghetto is apostolic. Though the apostle is first of all concerned with his own salvation, he cannot be satisfied with salvation as a private concern. The Catholic also has the vocation to bring the Christian witness to government, education, TV, newspapers, and literature. This involves a certain amount of risk; on occasion it may mean exposing oneself to danger. "I send you as lambs among wolves." The safe situation is not always the apostolic situation.

There are dangers to which the apostle does not expose himself—no one exposes himself to proximate dangers of sin. Some dangers the wise man flees. However, the training of an apostle must not be limited to insistence on avoiding occasions of sin.

There are professional dangers for which the policeman trains, and also the fireman. Though training for safety plays a large part in their preparation, there are times when for professional reasons dangers cannot be avoided. The possibility of being exposed to threatening situations is not to be looked upon as unusual; rather it is to be expected.

Plato, as Jacques Maritain has reminded us, believed that beautiful things are difficult and that we should not avoid beautiful dangers. The apostolic layman is trained to meet the beautiful dangers of the apostolate, dangers he encounters outside the ghetto. If he is to spread the faith of Christ and restore a Christian social order, he will be exposed to temptations. By instinct as well as by education, he avoids un-

necessary dangers, which he distinguishes from necessary dangers. For those which are necessary he prepares himself by prayer, the sacraments, and the study of his Faith; these are his invincible weapons. And so armed the apostolic Catholic can go forth and survive in other atmospheres than the hot-house.

IT has been suggested that, while the art of living in a ghetto presents difficulties, the art of leaving one is even more difficult. As the Catholic moves out of the ghetto and becomes more closely integrated in the secular culture, he finds that his beliefs about the family, divorce and contraception are questioned by many of his neighbors. He did not experience this in the ghetto and he can find it a source of temptation. Unless he develops a Christian sensitivity and an apostolic attitude, unless he arms himself with prayer and the sacraments and study, he will not change the secular society to a Christian society. Indeed, he will not be able to distinguish between those practices which are pagan and should be rejected, such as racial discrimination, sterilization, and contraception, and those practices which are not out of harmony with the Christian concept of man and can therefore be accepted. The Catholic cannot either completely reject or completely conform; he must be selective. He really leaves the ghetto but his integration is limited because it is selective.

Without Christian awareness and sensitivity, he will conform to secular patterns and ways of thinking. The secular will have converted the Christian.

These are the beautiful dangers for which he prepares himself and from which he does not turn. Though he is trained to keep his life pure and his ideals high, he is not trained to react to every temptation and danger by flight. He is not a devout coward, trained only for flight. Sometimes he stands and fights.

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STAGE AND SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

Dramatic silhouette scene from "The Alamo" outlines the defenders of the famous mission-fortress

★ The Alamo

Freedom was the watchword and the goal in the Texas of 1835 as a band of 187 citizen-soldiers withstood the superior forces of General Santa Anna in a former mission called The Alamo. Their valiant, thirteen-day defense was not militarily successful, but it proved more than worthy as a rallying symbol for all Americans.

John Wayne, in the triple capacity of producer-director-star, brings that courageous story to the screen in **THE ALAMO**, a sprawling, impressive, and compelling spectacle filmed in the Todd-AO process. Wayne appears as Colonel David Crockett, who brought a handful of Tennessee volunteers and immeasurable valor to the siege; Richard Widmark is James Bowie; Richard Boone is the redoubtable Sam Houston; Laurence Harvey is cast as Colonel Travis, and lesser roles are filled impressively by Joseph Calleia, Pat Wayne, Chill Wills, Joan O'Brien, Linda Cristal, and singer Frankie Avalon. Their group effort manages to personalize the men and women of legend in greater depth than the screen has yet accomplished.

Although this is big and exciting, in many respects a reflection of past spectacles, there is an additional quality that sets it apart. Above the din of battle and the swift advance

of death and defeat, Wayne projects a message that is uncluttered and easily legible. Freedom is always worth the price. This is a splendidly designed and tremendously effective motion picture for all. (United Artists-Batjac)

★ Our Image Abroad

"Honestly, there are times when I could murder everyone in Hollywood." The speaker was an American girl spending her college vacation as a recreational director in a London slum area. She was appalled at the image that our motion pictures had created in the minds of the teen-agers she met.

Recently, a critic for the London *Daily Telegraph* wrote "Millions of Britons visualize America as a vast Dead End where you run the grave risk of being sandbagged at every corner . . . millions of others see it as a streamlined paradise where the average housewife lives in a penthouse and drives a glittering motor car."

Such distortions are not new in the Hollywood pattern, but they have become an increasingly dangerous luxury. In the light of current international tensions, the stepped-up tempo of Soviet propaganda drives, and the emergence of new nations which will perhaps provide a balance of power

in Asia and Africa, we can no longer afford to export negative and distorted images.

For better or worse, we are being judged abroad by the movies we export. From Ceylon to Caracas and from Kenya to Tokyo, the American image flickers on a thousand screens. It may be Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas in the meshes of an illicit romance, or Jack Lemmon turning his home over to his bosses for use as a temporary love nest, or Elmer Gantry alternating sermons with seductions.

To millions scattered over a restless world these pictures undoubtedly have a fascination, but for those who delve below the surface we are drawing an ugly image. In spite of Kim Novak's flawless make-up, or Kirk Douglas' muscles, or Jack Lemmon's humorous glint, our self-portrait is hardly a persuasive one.

In *Strangers When We Meet*, a young suburban housewife, enjoying the luxuries of an upper-level community, plunges into an affair with a neighbor. Neither exhibits any sense of sin or guilt. In *The Apartment*, a young man insures his business success by lending his flat to the boss as a convenient rendezvous. In *The Bramble Bush*, an average town is drawn as the background for a bleak portrait which delineates the townsfolk as a group in need of instant psychiatric attention. The benefits, the blackboard jungle misfits, the psychotics, and the sycophants have been well represented in many recent films. Add them up and you have some mighty frightening results. With the added distortions from the Kremlin experts, a truly ugly American emerges.

Even though such tendencies in the film industry are not deliberate, the effect is dangerous. We cannot on the one hand accentuate the negative in our movie exports and then expect allies and neutrals to understand that this is all make-believe or dramatic license. There aren't that many well-informed about the real American story. There isn't that much time.

★ The New Plays

The 1960-61 theater season has opened on three encouraging notes: a return visit by French pantomimist, Marcel Marceau; a sparkling presentation of **H. M. S. PINAFORE**, delivered intact from a summer success at Stratford, Canada; and an appearance by Bette Davis and Leif Erickson in **THE WORLD OF CARL SANDBURG**, a session of verse, song, and prose from the works of the controversial philosopher.

Those who recall the previous tours of this country by M. Marceau will agree that he is without peer among the modern mimes. His lovable character Bip is a masterpiece, combining wistful symbolisms with broad humor in delineating moments of pathos, tenderness, and laughter in the passing parade. As companion feature, Marceau offers an unforgettable interpretation of Gogol's *The Overcoat*, with all the desperation, misery, and pain of the Russian novel intact.

Tyrone Guthrie's direction of *Pinafore* brings to the well-worn Gilbert and Sullivan frolic a sparkle and freshness that might inaugurate a new vogue for the Victorian operettas. This version of the nautical nonsense should please the Savoyards, for it is sung with zest and staged with an eye-to-modern tastes. The result is both exhilarating and entertaining.

Whatever issue one may take with Mr. Sandburg's views, his way with a word is both readable and listenable. As staged by Norman Corwin, the collection of material from his various works is a fascinating presentation, especially when Bette Davis reaches her peaks of recitation. She is, by turn, vivacious, subdued, and overpoweringly dramatic, and

her command of the performance never falters. Erickson's opportunities are not so varied or spectacular, but he also creates moments of fervor and sympathy. This is an evening for the discriminating adult who relishes the challenges and the controversies it arouses.

★ Movie Reviews in Brief

Frank Sinatra, and the self-styled Rat Pack of Hollywood, are the principal attractions in **OCEAN'S ELEVEN**, with a Technicolor tour of Las Vegas as an added feature. A story-without-a-moral, this details the campaign, by some ex-Army buddies, to rob the five largest gambling clubs in Vegas at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. The job is planned and executed with the precision of an Army maneuver, but it comes to naught in a ghoulish climax. One looks in vain here for the flicker of any moral values or indication that this mob is headed for an eventual regeneration. Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis, Jr., Richard Conte, Angie Dickinson, and Caesar Romero lend their presence to a garish, glib carnival of crime. (Warner Bros.)

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE is a lively compilation of the troubles faced by a pleasure-cruise skipper. They range from the predatory female passenger to the racketeering crew members intent on pilfering the ship's supplies. Not the least of the difficulties stem from the captain's presence at a nursery party which is climaxed by a hilarious, slapstick melee. British-made, this farce is adult in tone and continually amusing, with John Gregson, Peggy Cummins, and Donald Sinden as the main funmakers. (20th Century-Rank)

Latest in the series of Walt Disney True-Life Adventures is **JUNGLE CAT**, which stars the handsome and predatory jaguar of the South American jungles. Three naturalists, who are also crack cameramen, spent two years in the Amazon basin, the greatest reservoir of wildlife on earth. Though they concentrated on the jaguar, the film teems with unusual, and almost poetic, scenes of the animals and birds at play, rest, on the prowl and in defense of their lives. There are thrills galore, merriment in the treetop world of the monkeys, and a wealth of worthwhile information in this extraordinary adventure. (Buena Vista)

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE is an unassuming, but most appealing, family-style story which has been told a thousand times before. If the plot lacks elements of surprise or suspense, it does compensate through charm, expert performances, and an uncluttered story line. Set in a poor Mexican town, the drama centers around the efforts of an Indian lad to secure funds to build a new church. He nurses a wounded quarter horse to health, then races it to victory in a sweepstakes. Danny Zaldivar is likable as the boy, while Richard Basehart, Stuart Erwin, Arthur Shields, and Armando Silvestre head the adult contingent in this pleasant, albeit predictable, fable. (20th Century-Fox)

Dore Schary's excellent drama, **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO** comes to the screen with its values intact, plus the added visual assets inherent in the medium. This is a tribute to the personal courage of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the determination of his wife, Eleanor, and the political awareness of his advisor, Louis Howe. When FDR was stricken by the dread infantile paralysis in 1921, it appeared that his career in government and politics was at an end. This was a development encouraged by his domineering mother, but checkmated by everyone else. Fighting the restrictions of an invalid's life, Roosevelt makes the long, hard recovery of

spirit and partial use of his legs. The story ends as FDR takes ten firm steps on the Madison Square Garden platform to nominate Al Smith for the Presidency. Ralph Bellamy, repeating his footlight triumph, is fine in a role that calls for physical resemblance to match a robust performance. Greer Garson, whom the make-up artists have transformed into an amazing replica of the younger Eleanor, is equally good. Hume Cronyn, as Howe, Ann Shoemaker, as the matriarchal Mrs. Roosevelt, Jean Hagen as Missy LeHand, Alan Buncie as Al Smith, and Tim Considine, Zina Bethune, Robin Wurga, Pat Close, and Tommy Carty as the Roosevelt children are excellent. Despite the bitterness and the controversy which later revolved around the figure of FDR, no one can deny the personal courage and determination of the man. Nor can the dramatic value of his story be underrated, even in the midst of a heated political campaign. (Warner Bros.)

STUDS LONIGAN, a creation of novelist James T. Farrell, was a blood-curdler in the 1930's, but the current movie treatment is dull and incoherent. Farrell's young protagonist



Marcel Marceau, French pantomime artist on return visit to the U.S., is without peer among today's mimes



The young Eleanor Roosevelt (Greer Garson) encourages her husband (Ralph Bellamy) in his battle against polio in "Sunrise at Campobello"

Danny Zaldivar as an Indian orphan who races his horse to raise funds to help a priest friend build a church in "For the Love of Mike"



from the Chicago slums remains a misguided and unattractive character, and his depression-era problems are never clearly defined. The treatment is unnecessarily and blatantly suggestive, the acting second-rate, and the general effect merely boring. (United Artists)

When the British filmmakers turn their hand to audacious satire, they are without peer. This is the case in **MAN IN A COCKED HAT**, produced by the Boulting Brothers with their familiar finesse. It is an outrageously funny barb directed at the Foreign Office and its Homburg-ed diplomats. The Russians, and Americans too, come in for a share of the devastating ridicule, but it is all in the spirit of good, clean, anti-stuffed-shirtism. Terry-Thomas and Peter Sellers, two of Britain's most popular comics, are superb, in the best pip-pip tradition. (Show Corp. of America)

by Adrian Lynch, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Frequent Communion

What is expected of one who attends daily Mass and receives Holy Communion, insofar as overcoming faults and growth in virtue is concerned?



A person who attends Mass and receives Holy Communion frequently should make progress in virtue and gradually overcome his faults, especially his predominant fault. The Holy Eucharist is the Sacrament of union with God and of the perfection of that union. Jesus said, when promising to give men His flesh to eat and His blood to drink, "I am the living bread that came down from heaven and giveth life to the world. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by Me and I will raise him up on the last day." (John 6). Just as one who eats substantial food should grow strong and healthy in his body, so one who receives Holy Communion frequently should make progress in virtue and be ready to sacrifice whatever proves an obstacle to the perfection of his soul.

The Church declares that Holy Communion is "the antidote by which we are freed from our daily faults and are preserved from mortal sins." If one does not gradually overcome his faults, especially his predominant one, whether it be pride, anger, intemperance, sensuality, sloth, etc., he shows that he is lacking in due dispositions for the reception of this Sacrament. While we must not expect a complete cure of a spiritual vice at once, any more than a physical cure the first time a patient takes medicine, nevertheless we should expect a gradual improvement from the reception of the Bread of Life and Medicine of the Soul. Otherwise, the recipient would do well to examine himself as to whether he is receiving this most excellent sacrament with the proper dispositions.

Eye for Eye: Mammon of Iniquity

(1) What is the meaning of the scriptural saying, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" Was the principle involved in this phrase sanctioned by God or His representative in the Old Law? (2) In the parable of the Unjust Steward, what is the meaning of our Lord's words, "Make unto you friends of the mammon of iniquity, etc.?"—WOODSIDE, N. Y.

(1) An "eye for an eye, etc." is one of the judicial precepts sanctioned by God in the Old Testament. (Exodus 21, 23 *et seq.*) It is called the *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation. In the primitive conditions in which the Jews lived, the restraints of modern society did not exist. There were no policemen, for example, to maintain public order and safeguard the lives of people. Permission to make retaliation to the same extent of the injury received was intended as a check on the inclination to inflict injury. Our Lord in His sermon on the Mount supplanted the *lex talionis* by the Christian virtues of meekness and patience. (Matt. 5:38 *et seq.*) His example reinforced His teaching. "For unto this are you called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving

you an example, that you should follow His steps." (I Pet. 2:21.)

(2) Mammon is an Aramaic word meaning riches. The latter are called "of iniquity" because they are often obtained unjustly or used in a wicked manner. The possession of wealth increases one's inclination to do evil in many ways. Jesus used the example of the Unjust Steward (Luke 16:1-9), who shrewdly but unjustly provided for his temporal future at his master's expense, to point the lesson that the "children of light" (those who accept His teachings) should be spiritually wise by using mammon in such a way as to make friends by it and provide for their eternal welfare. Of course, it is the foresight, not the dishonesty, of the steward that Christians should emulate. Jesus did not specify how this should be done, but the implied meaning is that His followers should be generous in giving alms to the poor ("Whose is the kingdom of Heaven," Matt. 5:3; Luke 6:20), in accord with the text, "Redeem thy sins with alms and thy iniquities by works of mercy to the poor." (Dan. 4:24.)

Roman Breviary in English

I desire to recite daily the divine office or breviary as the priest does. Is it possible for a layman to do so? Where may I obtain a translation of the Latin text into English?—NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

In order to accommodate the growing number of lay people who wish to recite the breviary in English, the Latin text has been translated into English in four volumes, as the Latin text is. There are also short breviaries in English in one volume for the convenience of laymen. I suggest that you inquire of Frederick Pustet, N. Y., or Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., or the Sign Book Department.

Children and Modesty

Should good Catholic parents permit free entry of young children into the bathroom when either parent is bathing? Should children of three or four years of age be told where babies come from?—FLUSHING, N. Y.

Common sense ought to be enough to guide you in this matter. When children become aware of things, they ought not to be allowed in such situations. Childish questions about the origin of babies should be answered in a manner agreeable to their age and awareness. There are several sources of instruction for parents in this matter and all have their merits. I suggest that you look them over in Catholic book stores.

Saint Donald

Do you have any information on Saint Donald? My son is beside himself because I can't locate anything about him—MAMARONECK, N. Y.

Not much is known for certain about Saint Donald, whose name is given to many boys in Scotland. According to legend, he lived at Ogilvy in Forfarshire in the eighth cen-

tury and was the father of nine daughters. After their mother's death, the girls formed a kind of community and led the religious life under their father's direction. The memory of these daughters of Saint Donald is perpetuated in the name "Nine Maidens" which is given to wells, hills, and other natural features throughout Scotland. They are said to have entered the monastery founded by St. Darlugdach and St. Brigid at Abernethy and are commemorated on July 18. St. Donald's feast day is July 15. The popularity of his name in Scotland is attributed not so much to veneration for the saint as to the spread of the Clan Donald.

Coleen

Is Coleen the name of a saint? An aspirant wishes to assume that name in religion—NAUVOO, ILL.

The nearest thing I can find to Coleen is Saint Gollen (Colan, Collen) in *The Book of Saints* compiled by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine Abbey, Ramsgate, England. The entry says, "seventh century probably. The Saint who has given his name to Llangollen in Denbighshire. There are legendary lives connecting him with Wales, Rome, and Glastonbury, but nothing is known for certain about him, though from the dedication of a church to him in Brittany it may be conjectured that he resided for some time in that country. Feast day May 21." An asterisk notes that this name is not in the Roman Martyrology.

Lourdes

I was asked by a companion if I believed in the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes. I said yes. She said she was amazed that a grown person could believe in such a thing. Has the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes been proclaimed a dogma of the Church, or is it something that we can accept or not?—SOMERVILLE, MASS.



The apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes and Fatima are not matter of Catholic dogma. The faithful are free to believe them or not. If they do believe in them, it is because they consider the evidence convincing. And to the normal person it is.

Lourdes and Fatima are instances of private revelations. The latter are no part of the Catholic creed. As Father Tanquerey says, "These revelations do not form a part of the Catholic faith, which rests solely upon the deposit of truth contained in Scripture and Tradition, and which has been confided to the Church for interpretation. Hence, there is no obligation for the faithful to believe them. Even when the Church approves them, she does not make them the object of Catholic faith, but, as Benedict XIV states, she simply permits them to be published for the instruction and edification of the faithful. The assent given to them is not, therefore, an act of Catholic faith, but one of human faith based upon the fact that these revelations are probable and worthy of credence." (*The Spiritual Life*, page 701)

Saint Dymphna

Could you tell anything about the life of Saint Dymphna and how much is fact and how much is legend?—UTICA, N. Y.

Saint Dymphna is venerated as a virgin and martyr of the sixth century. According to *The Book of Saints*, she was the daughter of a pagan Irish chieftain but herself secretly a Christian. She was forced to flee her country in order to

escape the guilty love of her unnatural parent. She settled at Gheel, a village in the Province of Brabant, Belgium, and devoted herself to works of charity. Her father pursued her and murdered both the saint and the old priest who had advised and accompanied her. At her shrine, lunatics and those possessed by the devil were often miraculously cured. In art, she is usually represented as dragging away a devil. She is the patron saint of the insane. Gheel today is famous for asylums which are among the best managed establishments of this sort. Exact dates are not ascertainable and it is impossible to separate fact from fiction. Her feast day is May 15.

Begging Letters

For a long time I have been receiving begging letters from various missions, etc. I try to send them money from time to time. However, I have heard that there are people who ask for contributions for Catholic charities who have no connection with the missions. They are accused of pocketing the money. Where could I obtain a reliable list of charities which are bona fide?—GARDEN CITY, MICH.

I do not know of a list that comprises all bona fide appeals for missions, etc. In case of doubt, I suggest that you consult your pastor or the diocesan chancery office for information. The Better Business Bureau of your locality might also be consulted.

Illegitimate and Brotherhood

I have an adopted son born of an unwed Catholic mother. He wants to enter a religious congregation of brothers. Do we have to reveal the fact of his adoption?

Illegitimacy is not an impediment to admission in a religious community in Canon Law, but it may be in the constitutions of a particular institute. The proper procedure is to acquaint the superior and tell him all the facts. It may be in his power to make an exception, if other requirements are present.

Communion Rails in Tuam

I have heard that there are two Communion rails in the cathedral in Tuam, Ireland, one for the gentry and the other for the peasants. Also, it is alleged that the distinction was observed up to World War II. In the name of Saint Patrick, could this be possible?—OVERBROOK, PA.

A priori, it seems incredible, Ireland being what she is, but the answer depends on evidence. I have no evidence, either for or against. Perhaps one of our readers may be able to produce some.

Six Decade Rosary

On a trip to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, I bought a rosary made of large wooden beads for use at our family rosary. When I got home I discovered that it had six decades. What is the significance of a rosary with six decades?—HAGERSTOWN, MD.

The ordinary rosary is a five-decade chaplet, which is a third of the complete rosary of St. Dominic. The complete rosary comprises fifteen decades during which the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries of the life of Jesus and His Blessed Mother are meditated on.

The rosary which you bought is most probably the Rosary of St. Brigid, which has six decades, each decade consisting of the recitation of the Our Father once, the Hail Mary ten times, and the Apostles' Creed once. At the end, one Our

Father and three Hail Marys are added. Thus, the Our Father is said seven times to commemorate the seven joys and seven sorrows of Mary; the Hail Mary sixty-three times in accord with the number of years the Blessed Virgin is supposed to have lived on earth. I am not sure why the Creed is added to each decade. The indulgences and the conditions for gaining them were indicated in the February 1960 issue.

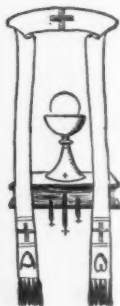
Ice Saints

Who are the "ice saints" and why are they so called?—CINCINNATI, O.

Saint Pancratius (May 12), Saint Servatius (May 13), and Saint Bonifatius (May 14) are designated "ice saints" by German farmers because cold spells usually occur during their feast days and it is not safe to sow seed until after they have passed. These saints had nothing to do with ice during their lives, nor with the making of ice now. The occurrence of cold, even icy, weather during their commemoration is the reason for the designation.

Schools for Belated Vocations

I would appreciate it if you could furnish me with the names and addresses of schools which offer an intensive Latin course of a year or two in preparation for entrance into a seminary for one who is above the average age.—NEW YORK.



The following schools furnish a course of this kind for young men who wish to study for the priesthood but are above the average age and lack the necessary knowledge of Latin. Dehon Seminary, Great Barrington 2, Mass. Claretian Seminary, 221 W. Madison Chicago 6, Ill., St. Mary College, St. Mary, Ky., St. Philip Neri School, 126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., Holy Apostles Seminary, Cromwell, Conn. I suggest that you communicate with the Director of the nearest school about admission. The list of schools given above may not be complete, but they are the only ones that I know of.

Relic of St. Cabrini

Please explain the relics of saints and when and how the fragments of bones are obtained and distributed. According to the Life of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini, a miracle was worked on a baby named Peter Smith in Columbus Hospital in New York City. A nurse by mistake put too strong a solution in the baby's eyes and blindness resulted. One of the Sisters pinned a relic of Mother Cabrini to his nightgown and prayed all night, begging God through the intercession of the saint to work a miracle. Next morning the baby's eyes were normal. This miracle was one of those admitted in the cause of her canonization, which Peter Smith, the baby, attended. Now, the relic used could not have been a piece of bone because the cause of Mother Cabrini was not begun until ten years after her death.—GREENWICH, CONN.

Your problem results from your assumption that relics of saints are limited to pieces of their bones. This is not the case. There are three classes of relics of saints: first-class, which are bodies or portions of bodies of saints; second-class relics, articles used by the saints, as clothing, books,

etc.; third-class relics, articles that have touched a first- or second-class relic. In the case of St. Cabrini, it must have been a second- or third-class relic that was used in the miracle worked on the baby's eyes.

The materials which become relics of the first class are taken from the corpse, when the body is officially exhumed and "recognized" in the beginning of the canonical process leading to canonization. This business is taken care of by the individual designated to promote the cause of the deceased, called the postulator. The ordinary rule that the process of canonization should not begin until fifty years after death is sometimes dispensed with. This was done in the case of Mother Cabrini.

Lay Missionary Groups

I have written to all four groups of lay mission helpers mentioned in your column in the May issue of the "Sign Post," but received replies from only two, one of which is for men only and their families. You mentioned that the list is not complete. Could you please send me the names of the groups which you did not mention? I am interested in a group doing social work, as this is the area in which I have had training and am presently employed.—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fortunately for me, *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind., in the January 16, 1960, number has published a complete report on the lay groups in the United States that are engaged in the missionary apostolate of the Church. I advise that you obtain the above issue and communicate with the headquarters of the group you would like to join. The lack of replies from the two organizations mentioned in the "Sign Post" may be due to their need of better public relations.

Transplantation of Organs

Could you tell us the attitude of the Catholic Church concerning a person, dead or alive, donating his eyes or other parts of his body to another.—MADISON, N. J.

It must be stressed, in the first place, that man has not full dominion over his body, but only the use thereof. "He made us, not we ourselves." (Ps. 99:3). Therefore, he is not free to dispose of it, or its parts, at his pleasure, any more than one who rents an auto may use it for purposes not intended in the contract.

The question as to the licitness of transplants from a living person to another living person is a matter of dispute among Catholic theologians. All agree that a man may not donate to another an organ on which his existence depends, as his liver. Some theologians also hold that he may not donate one of a double organ, as an eye, rather a cornea, to a blind man, no matter how much he desires to help another.

Other theologians maintain that a man may allow his body to be mutilated by being deprived of a healthy organ, e.g., a cornea, for the benefit of another out a motive of Christian charity. In answer to this, the former group hold that charity for others, though part of the supreme Christian virtue, must be regulated by reason and respect for God's supreme authority. It is generally agreed, however, that it is permissible, even praiseworthy, to give a blood transfusion, or skin for a graft, when these will not involve a disproportionate danger to the donor. In the event of death, it is also allowed a man to will an organ, or part of an organ, as a cornea, to help the blind, because the cornea has fulfilled its purpose and is no longer needed.

BOOK REVIEWS

SOME OF MY VERY BEST

By Jim Bishop.
All Saints Press.

271 pages.
\$3.95

Some of My Very Best is a collection of columns which Jim Bishop, author of *The Day Lincoln was Shot*, has written over the years and, in retrospect, considers his favorites. Though uneven in caliber and sometimes repetitive, the book is essentially an admirable achievement.



Jim Bishop

In a preface to the writings, Bishop demonstrates his ability to vivify experience in swift, nervous prose and memorable metaphors. He has certain undeniable talents for seeing through swards of human foibles to the maimed majesty of man, and one continually comes upon meaningful moments scattered throughout the series of sketches—profiles of men famous and unknown, reminiscences, vignettes of family life—which make up the book. Elsewhere, however, the effects are not nearly so felicitous. Basically Bishop's literary weaknesses emerge from exaggerated strengths. He ought to see that all reality cannot be reduced to commonplace dimensions without sacrificing both precision and poetry. So it seems to me that the reference to *Our Lady as Father Kelly's boyhood girl friend* not only is bathetic but implies that either the writer or his subject has been distanced deeply by sentimentalities from any real relationship to "the Woman clothed with the sun . . ."

Generally, the author's love for man nourishes his insights and irradiates his writing with warm colors. His work seems important insofar as it can serve to recharge the jejune response of mankind to reality. He is best when he copies in spare, understated fashion the details of life which suggest its pathos and joy, its mystery and sublimity; turning commentator, he tends sometimes to tear passions to tatters.

WILLIAM A. MCBRIEN.

THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT

By Gabriel Heatter.
Doubleday.

216 pages.
\$3.95

There was a time, in the heyday of radio, when Gabriel Heatter was a na-

tional figure, or anyhow a national voice. At the height of his success, he addressed his mixture of news, comment, comfort, inspiration, and advertising to an audience of twenty million people a night, seven nights a week. The mixture may not have appealed to the sophisticated, but it did appeal to twenty million of Mr. Heatter's fellow mortals. It had a sincerity about it which went to their hearts.

Radio now shares the air with an even more spectacular medium of communication, but it is still a strong medium in its own right, and Mr. Heatter's voice can still be heard on it three times a day. The man has been a prodigious

success, because he has been a prodigious worker. Here in this short (and, for its length, somewhat expensive) book of memoirs, he recalls his early struggles and describes, modestly, his later triumphs. His career reached its crescendo in World War II, but he does not seem at all to mind the diminuendo of its more recent years.

It is astonishing, throughout the book, to read Mr. Heatter, so famously a man of good hope and good cheer, describing in almost every chapter what he calls a neurotic shyness, fear, and cowardice from which he suffered for many years, even into his period of greatest success. The pleasant feature of it all, however, is that Mr. Heatter does not write about his neurosis neurotically. He seems a sensible man, who much prefers, in the matter of mental health, enjoying the good rather than the bad.

JOHN DINEEN.

SIGN SURVEY

OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS

Reported for the October issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation

1. **COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC.** By Hagmaier & Gleason. \$4.50. Sheed & Ward
2. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
3. **MARY WAS HER LIFE.** By Sister M. Pierre. \$3.95. Benziger
4. **THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN.** By Dr. Thomas Dooley. \$3.95. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
5. **THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S GUIDE TO LIFE AND LOVE.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$3.95. Random House
6. **A TRAPPIST WRITES HOME.** By Abbot Gerard McGinley, O.C.S.O. \$3.25. Bruce
7. **THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** Trans. by Knox & Oakley. \$2.50. Sheed & Ward
8. **BUT WITH THE DAWN, REJOICING.** By Mary Ellen Kelly. \$3.00. Bruce
9. **SPIRITUAL HIGHLIGHTS FOR SISTERS.** By Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. \$3.95. Bruce
10. **LOVE ONE ANOTHER.** By Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$4.25. Newman

DUEL AT THE BRINK

By Roscoe Drummond & Gaston Coblenz.
Doubleday.

240 pages.
\$4.50

Two distinguished American journalists—one a columnist with the *New York Herald Tribune* and the other a veteran correspondent with the *Christian Science Monitor*—have combined to produce a scholarly appraisal of the stewardship of John Foster Dulles' "Command of American Power." Coming so soon on the heels of Dulles' death, the book must of necessity suffer from too short an historical perspective. Its publication at this time will, no doubt, cause it to be caught up in the vortex of our national elections where it is bound to be quoted and be gloated over.

The book professes to be both a study of Dulles' personality as well as his work. To the extent that it deals with the individual in his relations with other men, it provides information not generally possessed by the public. Dulles sustained a long and deep affection for Frenchman Jean Monnet, fellow advocate of a United States of Europe. He held a similar regard for Konrad Adenauer. But in his relations with Britain's Anthony Eden, there was eventually nothing but dislike and distrust.

Dulles' public utterances left much to be desired, say the authors. His "brinkmanship," his "agonizing reappraisal," and his "massive retaliation" produced much more furor and less

FALL BOOKS



WAITING FOR CHRIST

by Ronald Knox and Ronald Cox

A knowledge of the Old Testament prophecies concerning Our Lord adds immeasurably to our understanding of the Gospels. In this latest Knox-Cox, as in the earlier volumes, scripture—in this case the Messianic prophecies—is printed facing Father Cox's commentary. A choice of the Thomas More Book Club. \$3.50

'I LOOKED FOR GOD'S ABSENCE

by Irenaeus Rosier, O. Carm.

Father Rosier, theologian and sociologist, lived incognito among French miners with the object of discovering whether God were really as "dead" to such men as many have claimed. A vividly written book, hopeful and compassionate.

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WOMEN IN 'WONDERLAND

by Dorothy Dohen

An eminently sane and helpful discussion of the varied problems and challenges facing American Catholic women in every walk of life.

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RETREAT FOR BEGINNERS

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Retreat meditations as Msgr. Knox gave them to various schoolboy audiences. Reminiscent of the "Slow Motion" books and equally delightful.

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solid results than Dulles himself ever suspected when he made use of those terms. The vaunted "liberation" policy of the Republican administration appeared to be mere sterile rhetoric when the Hungarian, Polish, and East German leaders looked vainly to Washington for aid in their anti-Soviet uprisings.

All in all, *Duel at the Brink*, while conceding strategic victories to Dulles in the Suez crisis, in Lebanon, and in the defense of Quemoy and Matsu, must be considered an indictment of his foreign policy as well as an accusation that the international position of the United States has slipped dangerously in the past eight years.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE PARTHENON

By Salvador de Madariaga. 93 pages. Praeger. \$2.95

The title to this devastating little book comes from the accidental and unwitting destruction in 1687 of one of man's greatest architectural beauties—the Parthenon. The inference is direct: will Western civilization in its accidental, bumbling manner or will Eastern tyranny with its stupid irresponsibility and devotion to destruction, succeed in destroying the world which has been so laboriously built up?

When a famous liberal and leading leftist thinker hits British Labourism it is news. But when de Madariaga, one of the last liberal European statesmen, abruptly casts aside "co-existence" and "relaxation of tensions" it is philosophic dynamite. This book turns out to be one of the best and, in its way, one of the most thrilling, exposés of "soft" thinking prevalent in so-called informed western circles. No words are minced. The author flatly contends "summitry" can never resolve the issues of the day, except to further Soviet Communism's propaganda advantage. He argues for recognition of the true nature of Communism: an ideology dedicated to world domination. He berates the West for its shallowness and lack of dedication to freedom. And he urges a realism on the free world which sees Red China for what it is, an ally of the USSR, and sees in the captive people of the Soviet Bloc a source of western strength and power. He calls us all to remember that the only non-Hungarian men who fought for Hungary's freedom in October, 1956, were Russian deserters who had chosen freedom. The lesson is positive and so is the book.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.



S. de Madariaga

New Books / HELICON

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SMALL TOWN IN MASS SOCIETY

By Arthur J. Vidich & Joseph Bensman.

Doubleday. 337 pages. \$1.45

The authors, two young sociologists, studied for three years the daily life of "Springdale," a small, rural community in upstate New York. This work is not a general description and analysis of all aspects of the life of a community.

Vidich and Bensman observed the role which politics, religion, social position and education played in the experience of Springdale's 2500 inhabitants. They were interested in ascertaining the impact of the larger society surrounding the town on the resident's ideas, opinions, and actions. What are the foundations of social life in a community which lacks the power to control the institutions that regulate and determine its existence?

The class and political analysis pointed up a number of sharp contradictions in the community's institutions and values. As occurred in several similar sociological studies, public statement of community values seemed to bear little relationship to the community's operating institutions and the private lives of its members.

This study will, of course, be of professional interest to sociologists and social scientists. But it is also of interest to the general reader, whether he be a small-town resident or a big-city inhabitant. The book is very readable.

Small Town in Mass Society is an engaging and dramatic portrait of a small town today, vulnerable to all of the influences of big city institutions, yet striving to maintain its own identity and find its own satisfactions.

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE, PH.D.

A LONG ROW TO HOE

By Billy C. Clark.
Crowell.

233 pages.
\$4.50

The publisher describes this book as the autobiography of a present-day Huckleberry Finn. Well, Billy C. Clark is not Mark Twain but, then, who is? At any rate, he has talent of his own — unpretentious, simple, warm—that conveys, often delightfully, the quality of life along the Ohio River as he knew it as a boy.

Two factors make the book spring to life: the ability of the author to capture, simply and effectively, the moods and fancies of nature, the



Billy C. Clark

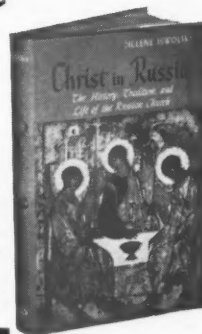
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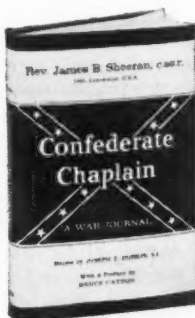
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beauty and pitilessness of the seasons, and the ability to bring to sudden life the colorful characters of past and present — Grandpa Hewlett, who "walked the hills playing the fiddle faster than the winds could blow," and Grandma Clark, who loved ripe paw-paws, knew the herb-cure for most aches and pains, and, if she didn't, led the children to the cabin of Blind Tom and the "Knocking Spirit." Some of the characters are too colorful, perhaps, in speech and manner, but the essential spirit of the book remains innocence.

Although the mood is nostalgic, Billy Clark keeps the reader aware of the poverty that hovered over his childhood, hovered as ominously as the crows he describes as gathering "like a dark cloud that brings rain." But if there is poverty, there is never despair and seldom bitterness. The author describes destitution but doesn't complain about it. And the reader is gratified that Billy Clark has hoed his long row successfully.

ROBERT CORMIER.

WATCHER IN THE SHADOWS

By Geoffrey Household. 248 pages.
Little, Brown. \$3.95

Watcher in the Shadows is a fine adventure story. In it, *Rogue Male's* author sustains and tops his reputation as a novelist of the cloak and dagger. Its hero, Charles Dennim, is one of those unassuming gentlemen who for decades have adorned English thrillers. That he is Viennese and attended neither Eton nor Winchester really doesn't signify. (After all he was in British Military Intelligence and went to one of their schools.) Now, as the book starts ten years after V-E Day, he is threatened with cruel and mysterious assassination.

Among *Watcher in the Shadows'* many virtues is Geoffrey Household's skill, before he is finished, in supplying logical motivation for what long appears mad and senseless crime. Secondly, while maintaining his book's purposeful pace, he manages to embellish it with lifelike and appealing minor characters and touching vignettes of the English countryside. Refreshing too, in our jaded day, is the chivalric climax that closes one of the fiercest manhunts in recent fiction.

Watcher in the Shadows has a hero who, like its literary style, possesses modesty, force, and charm. Charles Dennim is a marvel at coping with life: with dumb animals, from red squirrels to blooded steeds, with beautiful girls, with dark strangers up to no good. He is an undoubted asset to the 1960 literary scene.

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RETREAT FOR BEGINNERS

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This is a book for teen-age boys, and English teen-age boys at that. The fact that the author is Ronald Knox does not, in this case, make much difference. American boys (with the possible exception of young seminarians) are not likely to get past the first couple of chapters. Originally conferences given to English public school students during their annual retreat, this book, unlike the *Slow Motion* books which were designed for school girls, fails to rise above its original context.

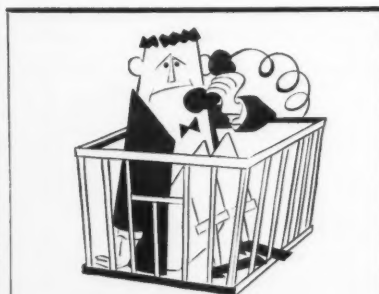


Ronald Knox

It must have been a remarkably successful retreat as first given. But the very things which made it so, perfect adapting of examples to fit the lives of the listeners, the concern with their peculiar problems, the use of their language—these are the very things which will almost vitiate its effect on American boys. It's an Englishman's book through and through.

Two groups will want the book. The Knox fans, the ones who read everything that the late Monsignor wrote, because of that peculiar and wonderful quality of language—these will enjoy this retreat.

Retreat masters with high-school re-



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—Eleanor Downing

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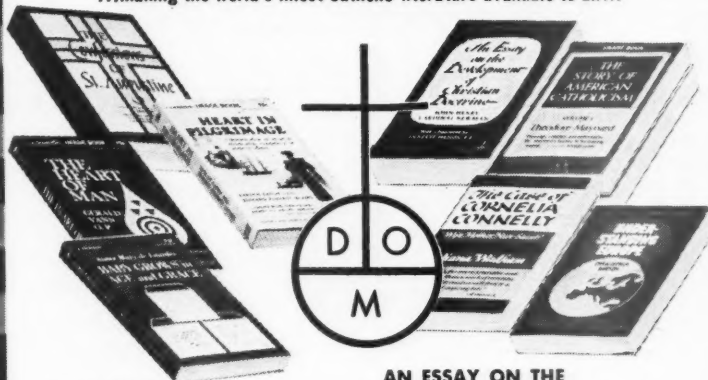
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on "likings and loves for the sub-human," set up distinctions and terms which carry through the whole book. There is first a distinction between Need-love and Gift-love, the first a love which fills an emptiness in ourselves, the latter concerns itself only with its object. God is gift-love itself. We are creatures more familiar with needs than gifts.

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If this discussion of principles were to lead you to believe that Lewis has produced a dry, abstract essay, it would be most misleading. For even as he insists that the more ethereal loves rest on the physical, his own profound discussions rest solidly on an intimate acquaintance with actual life. Nowhere is this more delightfully true than in his discussion of erotic love, which he approaches with the higher humor that he claims is the missing element in modern obsession with sex.

Almost anyone could read this book with profit, but for literature students it is almost required reading.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P.

ST. PHILIP NERI. By Marcel Jouhandeau. 129 pages. Harper. \$2.75. St. Philip Neri is one of the most unusual saints in the whole catalogue of the canonized. To say the least, he was eccentric. If he were alive today his religious superiors would probably send him to a psychiatrist. On one occasion, a grand Roman lady invited him to a rather formal reception at her house. She and her guests were somewhat taken aback when he arrived with one side of his face clean-shaven and the other hidden under a growth of beard. Some of his buffoonery was practiced for his own enjoyment and some to conceal his great holiness and the supernatural favors God bestowed on him.

The first half of the present work is a personality sketch of the saint and the second a chronological account of his life, including, of course, an account of his work in founding the Oratory. The translation from the original French is very well done. This book offers readers an excellent introduction to St. Philip Neri.

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sentation, and heroic accent combine to
make it attractive for young folks—
and older folks who are still young in
heart.

**OVERPOPULATION — A CATHOLIC
VIEW.** By Monsignor George A. Kelly.
96 pages. Paulist Press. 75¢. The
author, whose books on marriage are
still best sellers among Catholics, here
turns his keen talents to the pressing
problem of overpopulation confronting
some areas of the world today. As the
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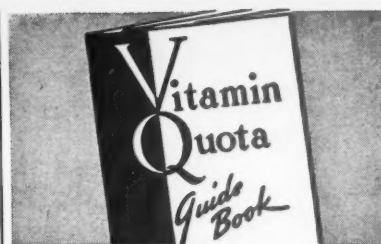
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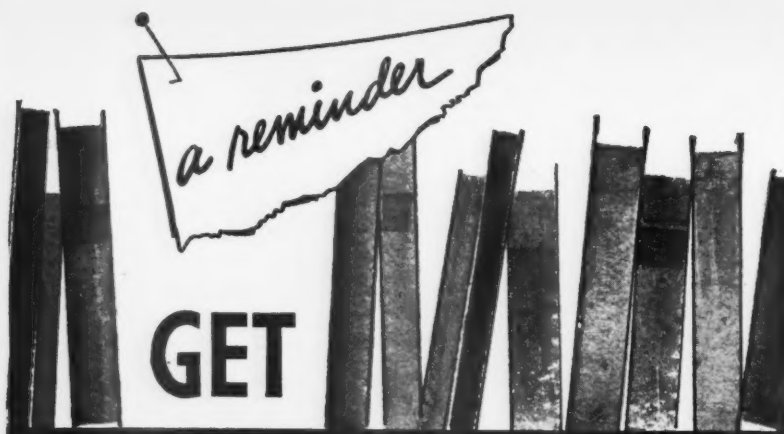


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KING OF THE SMALL-CAR WORLD (Continued from page 23)

Volkswagen is vital to Wolfsburg's economy. But under Nordhoff's leadership, the company does much more for the community than provide jobs.

In the past dozen years, it has spent \$12 million to build more than 10,000 comfortable, low-rent apartments for employees. It has given sums up to \$50,000 towards the construction of each of the town's four churches. It has donated athletic fields, children's playgrounds, a big swimming pool, a community center. In the cultural field, it sponsors frequent art shows, brings in famous symphony orchestras, concert artists, and theater companies.

Though one of West Germany's top industrialists, Nordhoff is paid a modest salary (about \$25,000 a year) by U.S. standards. With his wife, Charlotte, a childhood sweetheart whom he married in 1933, and one unmarried daughter, he lives simply but comfortably in a company-owned house on the edge of Wolfsburg, with a view over forests and meadow-land. In his leisure-time, he likes gardening and photography and occasionally manages to work in a hunting trip. Keenly interested in art, he has a fine collection of French and German Impressionists.

Following an abdominal operation at the Mayo Clinic a year ago, Nordhoff has given up smoking but hasn't slowed down his pace appreciably otherwise. He still flies thousands of miles yearly to inspect Volkswagen's overseas plants and dealerships and takes an active part in the World Brotherhood movement and Catholic lay organizations.

At the end of a closely-scheduled day of conferences and inspections, he may head for nearby Brunswick, where he is an honorary university professor and lectures regularly on industrial relations.

The people of Wolfsburg have made Nordhoff the town's first Honorary Freeman, for being the man who was "a pioneer in Germany's reconstruction, whose efforts as an employer insured that from an almost hopeless situation the Volkswagen became a worldwide success; who made the extensive development of this town possible and helped thousands of homeless to find employment and a new life."

For Heinz Nordhoff, holder of West Germany's highest civilian decoration, of Vatican honors for his leadership as a Catholic layman, of top engineering awards both in Germany and abroad, Wolfsburg's accolade is probably closest to his heart. Not long ago he said: "The greatest satisfaction that an engineer can experience is the recognition that he had done valuable work in helping many people to improve their living conditions and their happiness."

THE GENTLE ARMENIAN

(Continued from page 30)

churches every night to show their support of his mission. When he celebrated Mass early one morning at the Cathedral in Saigon, the surrounding streets were jammed with onlookers, some of whom had slept all night on the pavement.

To kindle morale along the tense, smoldering, Chinese border, Cardinal Agagianian tirelessly inspected Catholic schools, hospitals, refugee camps, convents, seminaries, and nurseries. One Viet Nam priest explained: "He has strengthened our determination to free our enslaved brothers in the north. Above all, we are now secure in our knowledge that Rome thinks of us, no matter how small or unimportant we are."

The Cardinal then visited Thailand, Formosa, Hong Kong, Korea, and Japan. In Seoul, 3,000 Catholics thronged the cathedral for a Pontifical Mass sung by the touring cardinal while hundreds more stood outside the church in a driving rain. Referring to the Catholics in Red China, Cardinal Agagianian told the congregation: "My mind turns with much pain to our brethren who, not so far from here, are persecuted by the enemies of God."

In Japan, he traveled to the Catholic sees in seven cities. In Nagasaki, he also examined the atom-bombed church of Urakami, then being reconstructed. He thanked the Japanese for the "courteous respect and honor paid to the humble representatives of His Holiness Pope John XXIII."

Cardinal Agagianian has made three visits to the United States. In 1951-52, he toured the communities of Armenian Catholics in nine large cities. In October, 1954, he presided at the national Marian Congress of the Eastern Rites in Philadelphia. At that time, he said that the facts of Catholic life as he had seen them in the United States refuted the charge that America is a country of materialists.

"The extraordinary number of vocations to the contemplative life is an obvious answer to the charge," he said. "But, beyond this, we must point to the countless American missionaries who have left all material comforts and sought out in the desolate and difficult parts of the world new areas for the salvation of souls."

This year, the cardinal visited seminaries and convents while traveling to Washington, D. C., Chicago, Dubuque, South Bend, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. He held numerous press conferences but smilingly refused to be drawn into a discussion of political questions. Nonetheless, he did make one significant point relating to his own work: "Wherever the Church is free, the missions are prospering."

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TEARS BEFORE THE WEDDING

(Continued from page 43)

I mean, as a carefree young girl, and I meant to enjoy it. But you want to know about Lenny and me. I guess he felt the same as you did, that I'd be miserably unhappy, and even after he got out of the Navy, he would write me letters, imploring me to see him. And finally, fifteen years after my marriage and shortly after my husband's death, I decided to do so. Lenny was supposedly riding pretty high then and had his own restaurant on Miami Beach. Still handsome, still the same fancy talker, he asked me to marry him. But you see, Lenny was fifteen years too late!"

I looked at her questioning, and she smiled, continuing. "Try to understand. I did think myself madly in love with Lenny that long-ago, hot summer in Altavista, but it was not Lenny who asked me to marry him. I had asked Lenny, begged him to marry me! I told him Russell had asked me, but that even though I knew it would be a good marriage for me materially, that I still loved him, Lenny, and that we could work out a good life between us. But he was such a weak young boy and afraid—he didn't want the responsibilities of a wife and family, and he turned me down—yes, turned me down, not the other way around, and that is why I cried that night, because I thought I might be doing wrong by marrying Russell as second choice. How time has proved things different!"

SHE LEANED closer and spoke softly. "Now let me tell you about my husband. Always he was a kind man, patient and understanding, and he must have known how I felt about him in the beginning. Of course he did things for me at first, nice clothes, a good home, and helped out my people. But soon those things didn't matter any more. The family was soon able to stand on their own feet, and when I found I would never be able to have children, I became interested in real estate and first started selling property and then making larger investments with my profits. Business came as an easy knack for me somehow, so you see that as far as material things were concerned, I could have had them had I never married at all. But as it was, behind everything I did, there was always the wonderful comfort that I had a husband who loved and cherished me. Oh, together we had such a beautiful life! As it turned out, when Russell's health failed completely, I became the sole breadwinner in the family, but, you see, I realized that it didn't matter in the least—that it was the man himself I'd grown to love and care for. And when I lost

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him, even after those last two years of careful nursing, I still felt fortunate indeed to have had such a husband and to have shared those happy years with him."

Remembering, she raised her head proudly; she had grown somewhat misty-eyed.

"You remember what my husband looked like? Much older than I, short and stout, plain as an old shoe? Yes, Russell was like that. Only not to me. To me, he was dashing as a knight on a white charger, ready to slay any dragon that might cross my path. He took a green country girl and put her up on a throne, and when the time came for me to share the responsibilities of our kingdom, of our marriage, I realized what true love was—the sharing, the caring, together."

"And Lenny?" I asked, still unable to push that dashing figure out of my mind. "You didn't want him even after you were all alone again?"

She smiled, "I hate to disillusion you, but Lenny, while he hadn't changed a great deal in looks, hadn't changed a great deal in character either. He'd already been married twice, both times ending in divorce, an unhappy child left behind in each case. He spent money faster than he made it, it seemed. I read in the papers he'd gone bankrupt shortly after he came to see me and proposed that time. So you see, even then, he was just looking for a wife financially well off as an easy way out of his difficulties."

I STARED at her. I couldn't quite believe this was the end of the story which had puzzled me all those years. When she left me at last, it was still hard to realize that the middle-aged woman slowly crossing the lobby was the fair-haired, young Lila Parrish of the starched, white waists and long, black skirts who danced the polka down at Riverside Park pavilion with Lenny Elson in his red-and-white-striped blazer. And then I knew my own youth had slipped past me also, that the romantic fantasies of childhood are fleeting and time has a way of making them false and unreal.

And so that is why I thought of Lila Parrish at the wedding here in New York recently. It was the wedding of a young, Broadway actress, a lovely young girl marrying a man out of the profession, a doctor from Yonkers, a rather nondescript, homely-faced man with horn-rimmed glasses. When I had thought of all the handsome, young actors who had worked with Elsie in the theater, some of them that day as ushers, I pondered the wisdom of Elsie's choice. And then there came to me the case of Lila Parrish, and I smiled inwardly, forgetting my doubts, and went forward eagerly to congratulate the bride.

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AGGRAVATION, FATHER OF INVENTION

(Continued from page 53)

scribed in a modern classic of its kind, *Inventors and Money Makers* by Francis William Taussig. They are artists who urge to create is so strong that they often off in many directions and, too often, never finish what they have begun.

Whether the inventor is Thomas A. Edison, who received 1,093 patents in his lifetime, or the man with the automatic bathtub ring remover, the machinery of the Patent Office grinds on impartial, imperturbable, and painstaking. After filing a petition complete with enough details to satisfy an expert and at an average cost of \$300, the inventor gets the right to exclude all others from making, using, or selling his invention within the United States for seventeen years. This is accomplished only after breathtaking research of U. S. and foreign patents as well as scientific books and publications to make sure that the idea has never been described. Previous publication, invention, or use prevents a patent's being issued. With the granting of the patent, the applicant and his invention make the Who's Who of inventors, the *Official Gazette* of the U. S. Patent Office. Until this happens the phrase, "patent pending," is only a scarecrow which may frighten away intruders, but it has no legal standing and offers no real protection.

The patient patent examiners, who probably know the minds of inventors better than anyone, must themselves refrain from inventing. If they ever get the bug, they must resign their jobs and wait a full year before applying for a patent. If you want to get a patent, the one place not to work is the U. S. Patent Office.

If at times the list of patents includes inventions that are "very far out," the skeptic need only examine the following list of items that American industry is preparing to manufacture for us onlookers in the world of do-it-yourself.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

article gave me some points to bring up at the discussion. It is too bad that the points mentioned in your final paragraph are held as ideals by Americans; rather they should be made a part of our everyday life. After a thorough discussion, the members decide what form of ACTION can be taken on the topic discussed to make the situation better. It will be interesting to hear how many of your positive points will be mentioned as action ideas.

MISS JOYCE BURNS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

You "said a mouthful" in the "Current Fact and Comment" section of the August issue of THE SIGN.

I refer to your "Nominations for Oblivion" and, in particular, the first, "The parent who never learned to create a home and gives his children a legacy of confusion."

This could be the theme for further editorials and I hope it will be used by retreat masters, pastors, CMF directors, and all others who deal in a spiritual way with our "American young-married set."

MRS. JOHN T. HOOK

CARMEL, CALIF.

THE THREE FACES OF DR. O'CONNOR

Thank you for letting me see a picture of the much respected Dr. John J. O'Connor of Washington. (August, p. 52)

No one would mistake Dr. O'Connor for Father LaFarge. I suppose, but I was struck by a common quality that is reflected in both their faces. I suppose it is their extraordinary charity.

JIM SHEA

THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH-REGISTER
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Although not yet of your Faith, I have always read and enjoyed your magazine. In the current August issue, I was struck by the marked resemblance between Dr. John J. O'Connor and the English stage-and-moving-picture star Rex Harrison.

When I first turned the page and saw Dr. O'Connor, I thought it must be Mr. Harrison in a new version of *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips*.

DR. GEORGE FAINSHAW

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

FAMILY FINANCE

I have read the item appearing on page 8 of your August issue, "Christian Family Finance" and note that Mr. W. J. Whalen, a professor at Purdue University, wrote a book dealing with this matter and with respect to families with incomes of from \$5,000 to \$12,000 per year. I am at a loss to understand why a family, or families, in this income bracket should need to resort to installment buying, unless of course they wish to go on a world cruise each year. These can now be negotiated on the "Installment Plan." Further, in my opinion, the professor could hardly have had the "average"

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family in mind, as I doubt very much there is even 10 per cent of U.S. families enjoying yearly incomes of the above figures.

M. J. MONGE

WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA

I started out to write a letter complimenting you on the editorial (August issue) on Fidel Castro. I concluded that you must be a very smart man, since you agreed so completely with my own thinking. Castro has failed so completely as a statesman and administrator that one wonders why he tried.

Then, when I reached p. 8, I saw that I would have to add a grateful thank-you for the bright commentary on *Christian Family Finance*.

In the midst of my ecstatic contemplation of the hundreds of readers who are going to see this piece, I can think of any number of reasons why a heads-up editor would bring commentary on books out of the book page into the editorials. Your piece "The Dollars That Drift Away" is a good example of good editing.

HOWARD SMITH

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CATHOLIC BIG SISTERS

Miss Ecclesine has presented a vivid and accurate account of our work ("When a Girl Needs a Friend," August) and we believe it will stimulate the interest of your readers. The accompanying photograph is very well chosen, and I think the photographer is to be congratulated.

L. ADELE HAGGARTY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In your August issue, the inspiring article on "When a Girl Needs a Friend" by Margaret Ecclesine is one of the best I have read yet. It certainly does show what can be done nowadays. No offense to us single women (and there are loads of us), but this article is a sure eye-opener to any one who complains of having a bored life with nothing to do. I really wish that every modern woman who has many frustrating moments in her life could read this article and let it penetrate into her very soul to make her realize how lucky she is. If it weren't for the grace of God, we could very well be in the shoes of some of these unfortunate victims. Here's our very chance to repay Him for our gift of a happy, normal life by giving some of our own time to those who need it most.

I sincerely hope other young women (single or married) who have read your article will have been inspired by it just as I have been. . . .

MISS ROSE MARIE BREHM

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FREE MEDICAL CARE

Re: Dr. J. R. McCarthy's letter concerning "Free Medical Care." (August)

He is welcome to his opinion; here it mine.

He compares the average of \$15 a year per person spent on drugs with what is spent on tobacco, alcohol, and autos. He

doesn't consider that more people smoke, drink, and ride than are sick; therefore, less people to make up the \$15 national average. So if he would give us the average each car user, each smoker, each drinker, and each sick person spent for the services, I believe he would come up with a much different-looking set of figures. And more different still, if he considered the whole medical bill and not just drugs. Just using the figure for drugs is like using what the smoker pays for matches or the drinker pays for mix. Also, if he just considered the hospitalized cases, I believe it would be more fair.

A person can spend fifteen times \$15 per year for a health insurance policy which will still be worth next to nothing in the case of prolonged illness.

Also a person can forego smokes, drinks, and cars, but with illness he has no choice. . . .

It is true that in many cases a little saving would help, but it is also true that no amount would help in others. Hospital, drugs, and doctor bills will make short work of a tidy nest egg. . . .

The simple fact is that the cost of medical services has risen higher than the less-than-average family can afford. Remember when figuring out averages that there are just as many below average as above.

E. G. STYER

HOLLISTER, CALIF.

AFRICAN PRIEST

Your picture story (July, p. 43) was a very sensitive portrayal and brings out Father Fini's character and particular manner of dealing with his people in a way I would hardly have thought possible.

Too bad you could not have been there yesterday, with as many people outside the church as in, when 226 people from his central and out-stations were confirmed. . . .

✠MOST REVEREND JOSEPH O. BOWERS, S.V.D., D.D.
BISHOP OF ACCRA

GHANA

Enclosed please find ten dollars which I would like you to forward to Father Fini.

Your story on him in the July issue of THE SIGN was most inspiring, and I believe that we who have something to share with this fine priest should do so.

JOHN R. CONLIN

PITTSBURGH, PA.

A SIGN STORY

When I was a high-school student in Mobile, Alabama, the Sacred Heart Brother who taught religion in junior class used, as a lagniappe, the current issue of THE SIGN. In Autumn, 1952, Mary Hughes of Antrim wrote you to ask for back numbers, there being none available firsthand. She signed her note as "M. C. Hughes," and you ran it above the name "N. C. Hughes." Readers from all over the country responded, despite the error, with enough copies of THE SIGN to paper the walls! My class contributed a dozen and

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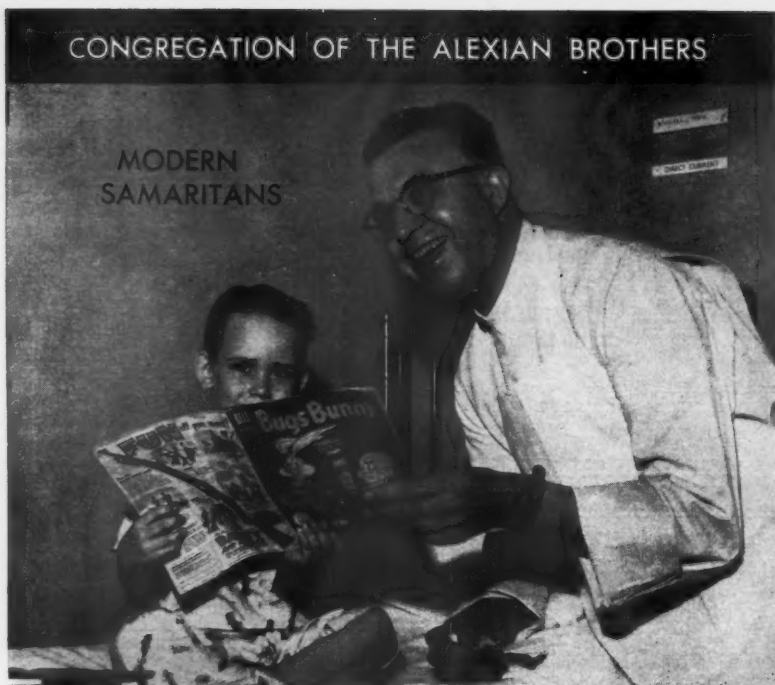


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Divine Word Seminary
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School.....Grade.....
Priesthood.....Brotherhood.....

I was chosen to reply to Mrs. Hughes. The family and I have corresponded warmly ever since.

For eight months, I've planned a enough to bring our friendship to a most pleasant turn. Mrs. Hughes and her two children have never met a "Yank"; they live among the Catholic minority in Britain's last foothold on the Emerald Isle. For two weeks, I'll be the guest of people whom I might never have known but who have become as close as any friends at home. For this, you get the credit; perhaps we will send you a photograph talking over your latest issue, which, by the way, is in my hand at the moment.

PFC. FRANK O'HARA,

STUTTGART, WEST GERMANY
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FAMILY RETREATS

It has been brought to our attention by one of our good friends that there was an inquiry in your magazine regarding family retreats around the New York area.

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LIGHT AND INSPIRING READING

May I compliment you on your excellent August issue. I enjoyed it thoroughly, especially the two short stories by Harriet Shiek and Antonia White. Please continue to include this delightful type of light reading along with your inspiring articles, like the one about TV Padre Garcia. . . .

F. M. MARK

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

"BELLS ARE RINGING"

August's issue of THE SIGN, page 59, shows a large picture of *Bells Are Ringing* and the word "wonderful." Page 58 says, "warmth, good humor, cheerful comedy."

I saw the movie last night and all these things are true. On the other hand, there is so much indecent costuming and repeated vulgarities in the movie that I wish I hadn't. I would not recommend any one to see it, as I think you did.

I. J. BELLAFORE

SEAFORD, N. Y.

CORRECTION

THE SIGN (July) stated on p. 9 about one picture: "First outsiders to take part in Oberammergau Passion Play in 300 years are Americans Blythe Lasley and Elizabeth Dietz."

In 1950, when I saw the Passion Play in Oberammergau, an American child, son of an American Army Major, was taking part in the play, and we were told that he was the first American in the history of the play.

(REV.) ADRIAN W. VAN HAL

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